





d moralized troops after the Republican Waterloo of the Goldwater folly and, as far as any man had held the party together, it was he. To have a highly intelligent "pro" carrying on the main job of the Leader of the Opposition was a welcome change after the slackness of the Eisenhower years and the Gadarene rush of the Goldwater year. Mr. Nixon barred nobody. He fought Nelson Rockefeller for the nomination but did not excommunicate him, and he employed some of the Goldwater team as well as some of the most contemptuous enemies of the leader of the hitherto right. (It is a mark of the present instability of American party and ideological groupings that, since Mr. White wrote his book, the most disastrously candid ideologue of the Goldwater staff, Mr. Karl Hess, has turned sharply to the left.)

It is now difficult to believe—and, away from Miami Beach, it was difficult to believe in the summer of 1968—that any candidate could have topped Mr. Nixon, or that any hitherto combination of Governor Nelson Rockefeller and Governor Ronald Reagan could have seriously threatened the Nixon triumph. But Mr. White confirms the judgment of most spectators and actors, that it might have been done, possibly because he and others felt that there was none of the possibly irrational love and devotion that, in different ways, Alistair Stevenson and Barry Goldwater had evoked, working for that notably cool operator, Richard Nixon. But fate had worked for Mr. Nixon. The fumbling efforts of Governor Romney plus the abandonment of the field, for a time that was to be short but yet to prove fatal to the hopes of Governor Nelson Rockefeller, worked to secure a Nixon victory and "the South" at a price that may prove excessive, for Richard Nixon was saved from a clean sweep by Governor Wallace. (Mr. White seems to think that the press was unduly hard on Governor Romney's admission of "brainwashing" by the Pentagon. It is hard to see why, nor was Governor Romney's admission basically discreditable to him. Have we not just seen one of the two most ancient elder statesmen of the Democratic Party, Mr. Dean Acheson, defend Governor Romney's honest indiscretion and wonder, in public, if he had not been brainwashed into accepting a "hawkish" position, with far less excuse than the internationally inca-



Richard Nixon speaking at Los Angeles on October 9, 1968, during his pre-election tour of Southern California.



perienced Governor of Michigan.) All the account of this part of the Nixon pre-convention campaign is masterly and will remain an historical document of great value long after the topical impact is lost.

The account of the unhappy Democrats is less valuable although of great utility. It is perhaps worth speculating why, Mr. White, in 1960, was a brilliant freelance. Mr. White in 1968 is an institution. He is a kind of historiographer-royal accompanying the future king on his progress to the throne, rather like, to be possibly too fanciful, Racine accompanying Louis XIV on a campaign of set-up sieges.

This position paid off well in all Mr. White's dealings with Mr. Nixon. For Mr. Nixon knew that his place in current history, perhaps in history, would depend on good deal on the account given by Mr. White. But there are drawbacks to be set against the advantages. No political leader really invets the *arcane* *insider's* to the most intelligent listener or questioner. Of course, as Lord Hewart once put it, "truth will out even in an affidavit." But Mr. Nixon for Mr. White gives interviews for the most eminent reporter and Mr. White coyly avoids "I", describing himself as "this reporter". It is the universal experience of reporters and historians—that they will get, within twenty-four hours of a great event, conflicting accounts from honest and qualified witnesses honestly contradicting each other. Mr. White is too intelligent to be "sold a bill of goods" but he has been dazed a little by the heady air of the high places.

The reverse of this can be seen in Mr. White's account of the civil wars

and suicidal quarrels of the Democrats. Perhaps the real maker of the extraordinary campaign of 1968 was neither Senator McCarthy nor General Galt, but General Westmoreland. After the Tet offensive, the famous credibility gap was as wide as the Grand Canyon. For the American people, getting more and more sceptical, "it was never bright confident morning again". Senator McCarthy was the giant killer but the giant had already revealed his feet of clay when President Johnson put a bold face on things while he digested, in private, the gloomy news from Saigon before the storm broke, and possibly when he realized that he had presented to Congress as on about to be conquering hero, a general who recalled not Grant after Appomattox as much as John Pope before Second Manassas.

Compared to the account of the rise and fall of various Democratic leaders is brilliant in parts, but much less living and less impressive. Mr. White called his remarkable novel on the fall of a great publishing house *The View from the Fortified Floor*. A good deal of this book is a view from the top. There is curiously little living detail about the mao in the street or even in the Convention Hall. There is curiously little about the personal impression made by the candidates on the working press to which Mr. White in 1968 still half-belonged. The able reporting teams of the British press, the reporters from *The Sunday Times* and the *Daily Mail*, for instance, began to get tired and irritated by the aloofness, moral and intellectual arrogance and, some would have said, the laziness of Gene McCarthy. When Robert Ken-

nedey took the field, original hostility often melted, especially in face of the evidence that the only candidate who touched the hearts and inspired the hopes of the poor and dispossessed was the allegedly ruthless if not heartless Robert Kennedy. This charismatic appeal did not endear Kennedy to the leaders of either party. One of Hubert Humphrey's troubles was that, with the murder of Kennedy, the money promised while the main aim was not to beat Nixon but to "stop Bobby" dried up—a phenomenon that Mr. White alludes to, but does not stress quite hard enough.

It is revealing that Mr. White could not bear to study the Wallace phenomenon for any length of time. He could understand, intellectually, the fears and hates and hopes that inspired the "white backlash"; but he may well have underrated the force of Wallace's own personality. Some British reporters found George Wallace, off the record, far more candid, amusing, unpretentious, less a prisoner of his own past than they had expected, and more attractive as a man than the Cato-like figure of Senator McCarthy. Perhaps Robert Kennedy and George Wallace had more in common than their political stances would suggest? In 1936, one of the great strengths of F.D.R. was the belief among the poor that "he cares for us". Very different groups of the poor felt that Robert Kennedy and George Wallace cared for them, and it is not unlikely that many supporters of Wallace in the North came from disillusioned poor whites who yet had faith in Kennedy, any Kennedy.

The shambles at Chicago shocked Mr. White, but the most odious episode, the assault of Mayor

Daley's S.S. men took place, ally, far below Mr. White's eye. Humphrey, only Gene McCarthy was on the spot protecting him from the enraged and potentially denigrated "fuzz". White blames the bad "liberal" acquired by the Chicago party largely on television and a peculiar technical circumstance. Chicago who strikes made his visual reporting impossible. It suggests the might have put a strongly that television looks too provokes vivid images and has too proof that it can lie beyond resources of a mere newspaper camera. Although Mr. White's own qualifications as a television operator, he is most definitely McArthurian. Print is his medium.

What the realities of television the working level were—and be—is made plain in Mr. White's sour, intelligent, amusing revealing hook. The television of Richard Milhous Nixon 1968 was not the hit or miss affair 1960 and the disastrous election with John Fitzgerald Kennedy. It was not a matter of not "fire clock shadow". It was a package job, and the accuracy of the television news, "selling" a candidate a few or no ideological preposers is most valuable. It is an emotional world in which the Final "hinky dink" is "hinky dink" in which professional preposers for cynicism is as natural as it is in the old-fashioned reporter who Mr. Nixon used to get to

were violently and credulously partisan. They were planning how to exploit a landslide while more neutral observers were noting the slow, perhaps even the oblique, the slow. Then there were the old-fashioned professional politicians who had not learnt much and amateur politicians, like Mr. Mitchell (now Attorney-General of the United States), who had learnt nothing.

What slowly, and then with an alarming speed, shook the complacency of the Republican high command was the rallying of the demoralized and bitterly divided Democrats. Faced with the prospect of a Republican victory and, what was worse, of a Nixon victory, the troops rallied as they had done when Sherman rode on to the battlefield in 1864. The calculation recently made candidly exposed by Mr. Kevin White, at the moment still of the White House staff) that Mr. Nixon should write off the Blacks, the poor, the union members, the despising "liberals", was now acquiring a grisly resemblance to the complacent security of Governor Dewey in 1948. And if Mr. Humphrey was not quite Mr. Truman, after a start which was, far from being, rivalled only by the Henry Wallace campaign of 1948, he was a crying point if not a born leader. Not only the Blacks, but so many of the Whites remembered Hoover, the FBI, the House Un-American Activities Committee, the Un-American Loyalty Act—and the labour of Governor Wallace in Alabama. The Unions "threw in the towel" with better fortune than Napoleon had at Waterloo. For a moment there was danger of what old American politicians call a "backlash"—a damaging last minute turn: this time provoked by one of those disastrous, Asiatic female inventors in American politics, Mrs. Chenamail.

Mr. Nixon just made it, although a breakdown of the results shows

that the majority of the American people wanted neither of the main candidates. And over all the campaign, there hung the smell of blood. The American party system held together—just. It was perhaps symbolic of alienation at the highest level, that the Pennsylvania—the "Penny" of hostile song and story—made an odious mess of Robert Kennedy's funeral, for the rulers of the Penn-Central knew little of the emotions of the hundreds of thousands who lined the track. They were as unimportant as mere passengers, and Mr. White is far too kind to the performance of that symbol of the Establishment.

Mr. White is, in general, too kind to the Establishment. He twice quotes, with no apparent disapproval, the condemnation of Professor Genuesive by Mr. Nixon without any apparent memory of what would have happened to the dissenters from the Mexican War, had the Nixon doctrine been applied to some eminent or rising politicians, including Representative Abraham Lincoln. Naturally irritated by innocent and starchy-eyed admirers of "Uncle Ho" like Miss McCarthy, Mr. White writes down if not off the case against the Vietnam War. But he is savagely and justifiably angry at the almost complete failure of the Pentagon and the State Department to acquire any relevant political knowledge of Vietnam.

There are two criticisms that could be made of this remarkable and valuable book. Mr. White falls again into the bad habit of giving us totally irrelevant information to liven up his narrative. We do not need to know what Mr. Nixon ate for breakfast on a fateful morning. It is different from being given relevant information about why leucocytes could become dangerous mis-

not illustrate. How many old ladies go to Midnight Mass and how often? We don't know but it must be far fewer than Mr. White seems to think. More serious is the parallel drawn between the upbringing of Hubert Humphrey and Richard Nixon. Mr. Humphrey's native village has less than 500 inhabitants thus it, by the way, a Congregational church of which Mr. Humphrey could conceivably have become minister?). Mr. Nixon grew up in the solid, growing, citrus and college community of Whittier. Whittier is now being absorbed in the Los Angeles conglomeration, but it was an attractive and cultured community when Mr. Nixon went to its excellent Quaker College. And it might have been said that the Quaker influence saved this community from slurring in the odious crime of plundering and exiling the *Nisei* (the native-born American citizens of Japanese origin). Since Mr. Nixon's Quaker affiliations are often commented on ironically by his enemies and even by his friends, this good aspect might have been at least mentioned.

More serious is the question of Mr. White's English style. He has invented a vocabulary, a syntax, a word order which is quite maddening to read. It is also sometimes difficult to understand. Compared with Mr. White's present style, Warren Gamaliel Harding's was positively Attic in its sobriety. That Mr. White could write much better his earlier books on China, for instance, prove. It is probably too late to ask him to "cutigate" his texts and to ask himself whether it is tolerable to read in the prose of a man who graduated *summa cum laude* from Harvard, a word like "appauat"? It is perhaps the greatest tribute to this remarkable book that it is so much worth reading despite the way it is written.

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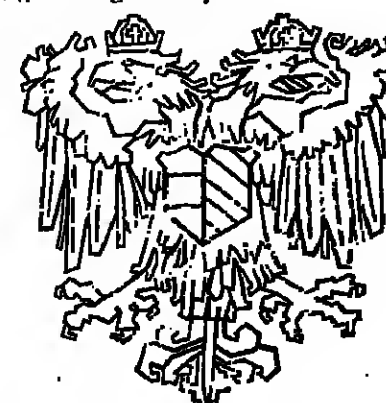


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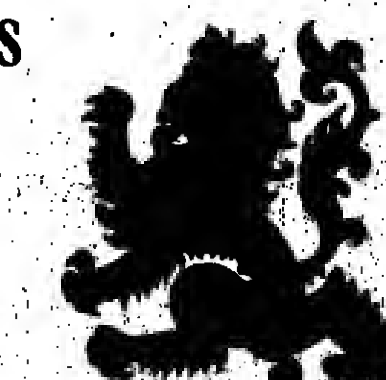


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It is their earlier volumes Mr. and Mrs. OPIE were literary historians, in this one they are anthropologists, recording customs and behaviour rather than the unwritten literature of rhyme and riddle. The one time in these games when words really matter—since singing games are left to a later volume—is in the business of counting out, or, as it is now called, "dipping", to see who is to be "ha" or "it" or "on" or "oo it", according to the district where he lives. There are a vast number of dips which seem, on the whole, to change less quickly than the popular rhymes of the playground and to show a greater respect for tradition. It is easy to see why, for novelty, smartness, topicality or even rudeness are of no advantage in the dip. What is needed is familiarity—so that each child can be sure that the count is right—also a certain ritual which makes the choice of "it", an act of fate.

The contributors include the late Tom W. H. Whiteley, Eugene Cotran, D. J. K. Kithleen Stahl, George Benke.

These games whose decline is most pronounced are those which are best known to adults, and therefore the most often promoted by them; while the games and amusements that flourish are those that adults find most difficult to encourage.

The games whose decline is most pronounced are those which are best known to adults, and therefore the most often promoted by them; while the games and amusements that flourish are those that adults find most difficult to encourage.



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## Between Sung and Ming

E. SHERMAN LEE and WALKAM HO:  
*Chinese Art Under the Mongols*.  
403pp. Ohio: The Cleveland Museum  
of Art. \$15.

The idea that style and motivation in art change when one ruling house succeeds another is traditional in China. In a somewhat Hegelian manner Confucians saw past dynastic periods, in art and elsewhere, as distinct movements, spiritual entities with their own political and intellectual colouring. In these respects the period of the Mongol emperors, from c. 1279 to 1368—the subject of an international exhibition in Cleveland last summer and described in this carefully edited catalogue—naturally rated low. Foreigners then occupied the dragon throne, high-minded artists refused service under them, and it was felt that traditional values in art were in some way being undermined. Inevitably such conventional Chinese views were adopted abroad: Ming and Sung are familiar enough to occidental cognoscenti who may be unaware that Yuan intervened. Yet in the past twenty years studies in Japan and the West have redemptively illuminated the century of Chinese national shame, and it proves to be replete with the innovation and self-examination which the western art historian is so ready to assess. For the better understanding of Chinese art the Cleveland exhibition is without question the most important event in the western hemisphere since the exhibition held in Burlington House in 1936.

A view prevailing in the past has been that the Yuan period is characterized above all by foreign influences producing exotic results, with only a gradual reassertion of Chinese values after about 1340. The picture which now emerges leaves one wondering where the imagined exoticism can have been. Technical innovation in porcelain and metalwork there certainly is, some of it depending on ideas learned from farther west along the Mongol trail; but what appears as new is still firmly rooted in the Chinese tradition, clearly geared into what preceded the invasion. At most the even progress, as far as concerns the heritage of the past, is complicated by the survival or re-emergence in the most sophisticated applied arts of archaic forms whose prolongation in North China was the inevitable result of the occupation of that area by the Chin tartars during the Southern Sung period. What the taste of the court and the presentation of the imperial painting academy had ordained in the arts of the Southern Sung period appears subordinate in Yuan times to styles more akin to the art of North China before the southward move of the government to Hangchow in 1127.

E. Sherman Lee makes this point forcibly in the review of the ceramic history which opens his admirable introduction to the catalogue. Under the Mongols the quality of celadon and of the Tz'u-chou stoneware was declining, but much of excellence in the shapes of the one and in the painted decoration of the other survived in the new porcelain with underglaze painting in blue and red, the former possibly a borrowing from Persia, but the latter certainly of Chinese origin. According to Mr. Lee the underglaze red technique may derive from certain Liao stonewares made in Manchuria. The technical point and the exhibited piece alleged to demonstrate it are questionable, but the theory that elements of Liao art were reinstated in Yuan porcelain is full of interest. In Liao designs a taste for Tang-style polychromy persisted, and towards the end of Liao rule some Northern Sung technical and decorative features were combined with it. In Yuan China provincial eclecticism of this order was to find itself again in the main stream.

Likewise, insistence on the pictorial in ceramic ornament—so freely and satisfactorily expressed in the Northern Tz'u-chou tradition and so completely excluded from the

Kiangsi porcelains produced under Southern Sung palace influence—takes on a new dimension in the blue-and-white Yüan ware. Three-colour enamels were added to the ornament of Tz'u-chou tradition. By these means a certain rusticity and essential non-perfectionism was legitimized in superior wares, and the road was opened to Korean potters and, via Japan, Yamato and Leach, to modern studio potters.

Something of Northern Sung standards reappears also in the white *shu-hu* bowls and the green-tinted whitish ware called *ch'ing-pai*. In describing the latter Mr. Lee erases uncharacteristically into sociological gear; the *ch'ing-pai* "became hard, durable and clean porcelain suitable to the highest claims of Imperial patronage and for the native Chinese taste of the upper and aristocratic classes". Imperial patronage in the sense in which it was exercised by Ming emperors remains a doubtful quantity under Yuan rule, but the appearance of *ch'ing-pai* among wares exported to the West put it in a high class—a higher class than is portended by the bulkier and more widely diffused export of comparatively minor products to the islands of the southern seas.

The famous vase which belonged to Louis of Hungary and subsequently to William Beckford of Fonthill Abbey could unfortunately not be lent to this exhibition from the Dublin National Museum. Its implication for the chronological scheme of Yuan pottery joins a number of other important points d'appui. The chief of these is still the Percival David Foundation's pair of blue-and-white vases dated 1351, one of which was lent to the exhibition. While some history of the technique and decorative style is to be supposed before this date, there is still no possibility, on the present evidence, of taking the origin of the ware as far back as the end of the Sung period, and so validating an opinion which was formerly current among Chinese dealers. Unlike the case of *ch'ing-pai*, there is yet no positive evidence that high-class blue-and-white porcelain of the kind evidenced for the mid-fourteenth century by the David vases was already at that date being exported to Turkey and Iran, there eventually to constitute the Toknapi and Ardabil collections. Medley and Pope have argued that it was so and Mr. Lee questions their conclusions, alleging that "the vigorous innovations of blue-and-white are not matched in any other exportable medium". But, generally speaking, it was only porcelain that western potentates and magnates craved from China.

The sense of renewal which grows through the Yuan dynasty and is discernible so clearly even in pottery resumes complex intellectual form in the art of painting. Again the pivot date lies near to the middle of the fourteenth century. It was then that the "scholar's style", *men-jen hua*, was first established (as later critics

taught distinctly and pre-eminently. Mr. Lee's treatment of this section of the introduction to the catalogue is brief but penetrating. The early masters, particularly the outstanding Ch'ien Hsian and Chao Meng-fu, headed a flight from the realism and dramatized sentiment of the southern Sung academy style.

We do not know how far their reaction was instinctive, or intellectual, or follows in some sense from the selection of personality implied by their exceptional readiness to serve the Mongol emperor. Mr. Lee argues with an apt quotation that the two views of painting, as professional and amateur in contrast, were not made explicit until the early decades of the succeeding Ming dynasty. But the "attractive awkwardness" adopted into his style by Ch'ien Hsian a century earlier had opened the way to legitimizing the deliberate amateurishness, calligraphic manner and individual quirks which were bequeathed to the *wen-jen* tradition. Perhaps the entry of *men-jen* values into painting, as distinct from a style regularly associated with them, is here made to seem a little too sudden.

In a chapter on Su Tung-po in his recent book on the history of Chinese criticism of painting, Nakamura Shigeo shows how three centuries earlier it was held that the ideals of scholars (*fu shih*) could seek expression in painting with less than professional concern for realism and skill, frankly substituting symbols for the living forms of nature. The *men-jen* painters, taking their cue from aspects of the painting of the Four Masters of the late Yuan period, aimed at a "written style". Mr. Lee evidently hesitates to use the word "textured", although it would perhaps convey better to the European mind a style which even out the brushwork—removing dramatic emphases of tone and arresting discontinuities in space and substance—and which goes beyond the normal meaning of calligraphic.

Estimating the intellectual quality which invades the later Yuan landscape Mr. Lee rightly insists on the continued ascendancy of certain forms developed by Sung painters; not only the grand manner of a Li Meng-chen but more significantly the landscape styles, both the emphatically structured northern style of Kuo Hsi and Li Cheng and the softer and more atmospheric style deriving from T'uan Yüan. In support of this polarity of style is still keenly felt by some Yuan artists, Mr. Lee agrees with the recently expressed views of Suzuki Kei, who accounts for the rise of the Ming dynasty Ch'ü school partly in terms of the covertly transmitted northern Sung tradition. In relation to the new *wen-jen* trend of landscape the situation is well summarized:

a dualism, a tension between visual unity on the composition or schematic level, and more abstract, deliberately expressive brushwork on the detailed or instinctive level is certainly one of the major characteristics of Yuan landscape painting in general and *wen-jen* particular.

Time is the test of this dichotomy: the artistic vision was an "ideal world" manner. Like the calligraphic philosophy of the brush, the calligraphic manner of painting, by master like Ni Tsan it might seem, only the relative slants of brushstrokes, elements placed at different angles and separated by white space, the message of the awkwardness communicated only to the beholder for whom the values of the landscape had become more important than the values of the brushwork. Wang Meng on the other hand contributed more than any other leading Yuan painter to the establishment of brush mannerism. His paintings are described here as "richly patterned, even textured". The influence of these two masters of the big four of the late Yuan dynasty "grew after 1350 with the codification of the *wen-jen* tradition".

It is indicative of our increased knowledge of Yuan painting that so much of the introduction to this catalogue should be concerned with the work of the last decades of the century. Of the Great Masters of late Yuan, Hsi Kung-wang was not represented at the exhibition: his work has actually perished, and only late copies could have been called on. Three were shown in some ten of which the Wang Meng *hades* of the C. C. Wang collection at Cleveland Museum's Wu Chai are among the most outstanding. It is works of the thirteenth to early fourteenth centuries, not those of T'ung Ti, Li Sheng, Sheng Mo, which will attract the historian's interest in the fresh text afforded by this exhibition.

Of minor arts, lacquer is a documented material for a part of thirty years' standing. Dating and classification of lacquer tiles are unfortunately limited to four specimens. An essay on "Chinese under the Mongols" edited by Mr. Wai-kam Ho says Sherman Lee's art-historical work with a closely documented essay of attitude and aspiration among artists and some others (e.g. p. 10) and fortune-tellers (p. 11) have created the cultural climate of the time. The theme is mainly varying degree of adherence to the principles of the government and the government's disapproval; but the artist's individuality and the artist's individuality, hardly recognizable in the blend of epigrammatic disapproval and interested anticipation which the art-historian deduces for us. Mr. Lee's ambition could be the poet's taken as a reclusé.

Mr. Lee's work has always been in part a plea against normality. Even his Catholicism is an appeal to non-Englishness: a minority within the country, a worldwide organization with many roots in the exotic outside. It is typical that Aunt Augusta (at seventy) should have a Negro lover, and typical of Mr. Greene's literary playfulness that he should be called Wordsworth.

GRAHAM GREENE: *Travels with my Aunt*. 319pp. Bodley Head 30s.

In *Travels with my Aunt* Mr. Greene cunningly interweaves two stereotypes of English fiction: the Indomitable Old Lady and the Innocent Abroad. Henry Pulling is a prematurely retired bank manager, fond of dabbles and funerals. It is at his own mother's funeral that he meets his Aunt Augusta. She is in her sixties, he in his fifties; but the funeral is a beginning rather than an end. Its sequel is an entertainment in Mr. Greene's most stylish and stylized manner. His own never-quite-suppressed wordiness—a weak point for phrases rather than any sleek syntax or redundant incident—is deathly in Pulling's own middle-aged narrative voice:

My father had been dead for more than forty years. He was a building contractor of a lethargic disposition who used to take afternoon naps in all sorts of exotic places. This irritated my mother, who was an energetic woman, and she used to seek him out to disturb him.

There is a pattern here, since Pulling himself is a morally sleepy fellow, and Aunt Augusta takes over the mother's role. A creatively disturbing mother figure is something new, although a good deal of Aunt Augusta's haughty patter is sheer Lady Blackbell ("No, no, my man. This is the Crescent." "You said *Paris* right, lady." "Then I apologize. It was my mistake. I am always a little uncertain about right and left. But I can always remember because of the colour—red means left." "It is not the book's best kept surprise when she is finally revealed as Pulling's natural mother rather than his aunt. But by then she has effectively shaken him awake for life.

Curious places play a big part in this process. It begins with a modest trip to Brighton, where Aunt Augusta helped to run a Church for Dying; moves on via Paris (visiting a Feydeseque affair set in those two hotels, the St. James and Albany) to Istanbul and a belated attempt to sell a gold brick; and winds up in Paraguay, where Pulling finds an exile as complete and bizarre, as the lifelessness of reading Dickens. He is in a *Handful of Dust*, but he is happy with it. Browning's "All right with the world" (rather than *Black House* summarizes his state.

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## Facing the past

ANGELA CARTER: *Heroes and Villains*. 214pp. Heinemann. 30s.

The imaginary world of Angela Carter's new novel is built of the blasted remnants of some vast catastrophe, but the form it takes has more to do with legend and a bookish view of the past than with a possible future. Small, enclosed settlements, inhabited by sombre-suited gentlemen, soldiers and kept going by "barbarians", outside are the Barbarians, plunder and organize themselves roughly but with considerable ritualistic dash. Further out still, and barely to be distinguished from the wild beasts which have returned in quantities, are the Out People, freaks who may yet inherit the earth.

Marianne, the cool and easily bored daughter of a Professor, joins the gypsies, moving with Jewel, her brother's murderer, from the stillness of her ivory tower into the disorder of the Barbarians' life, temporarily based on a decaying mansion, from which bands of bodged men set out to hunt beasts and prostitutes. Seen as it is initially by Marianne, who inspects these sights as if she were looking at colour illustrations in an "ingenious book", this world

is richly imagined, never whimsical and extraordinarily believable. The filthy splendour of the men in their palat and stolon furs and jewels, the prior prattling of the tribe's Nellie Dean, a cosy elderly woman, who'd been snatched from a Professor's settlement, but has now settled down to mothering a generation of Heath-cliffs—these are wonderfully suggested. Marianne is lonely, is silenced and uncomfortable, and she is forced to admit that perhaps her father was right, "perhaps chaos is even more boring than order". There is another intellectual, a renegade Professor called Donally, living with the Barbarians, who uses drunkenness and simulated fits to manipulate the tribe's superstitions to his own ends. For him and for Marianne this life is not theirs but a legend come to life: but where Marianne is made to enter it (because she is a woman, perhaps), even when she longs to escape, Donally is making it of his ironic possibilities.

The control of the material in the early chapters is formidable. The fantasy is made to work through the use of detail and the firmly established individuality of the characters. This only falters at that moment when Marianne, forced into marriage with Jewel, and finding herself passionately attracted to him, is lost

to the seductive charms of the tribe's Nellie Dean, a cosy elderly woman, who'd been snatched from a Professor's settlement, but has now settled down to mothering a generation of Heath-cliffs—these are wonderfully suggested. Marianne is lonely, is silenced and uncomfortable, and she is forced to admit that perhaps her father was right, "perhaps chaos is even more boring than order". There is another intellectual, a renegade Professor called Donally, living with the Barbarians, who uses drunkenness and simulated fits to manipulate the tribe's superstitions to his own ends. For him and for Marianne this life is not theirs but a legend come to life: but where Marianne is made to enter it (because she is a woman, perhaps), even when she longs to escape, Donally is making it of his ironic possibilities.

Mr. Greene's greatest strength. He can be mischievous: it is surely not an accident that the policeman trailing Wordsworth's marijuana is called "Detective-Sergeant Sparrow John". But even authority has a smile, and Sparrow is soon singing carols with boyish pleasure. Indeed, the central contrast of the book is hardly a moral one. Aunt

Augusta thunders sometimes at her nephew or son. "You looked after people's money like a nanny who looked after other people's children." She harshly urges him to let the dead bury their own dead; the only unsuccessful trip takes them to Brulogne, to Pulling's father's grave, which is tended by a devoted spinster whom he took on an unconsummated and fatal weekend. (Food poisoning, rather than passion.) Aunt Augusta is scornful of that, though she reserves an equally dippy devotion for an Italian flame, a marvellous Antinous of survival, whose smuggling business is Pulling's final destination. "Mr. Visconti wants somebody he can trust to keep the books. Accounts have always been his weak point." But he's final appeal is to live dangerously for its own sake.

"My dear Henry, if you live with us, you won't be dying day by day across to any last wall. The wall will find you of its own accord without your help, and every day you live will seem to you a kind of victory." "I was too sharp for it that time," you will say, when night comes, and afterward, you'll sleep well."

Exile in Paraguay can be cosy too. At one moment Pulling is a pure victim of nineteenth-century pessimism. "If I had never known love at all, perhaps it was because my father's library had not contained the right books." But when he finally decides to stay with his aunt, "It was as though I were safely back in the Victorian world where I had been taught by my father's books to feel more at home than in our modern day."

Some of his aunt's philosophy mixes with his own inherent laziness. Of the C.I.A. man, he reflects: "Anxiety in his case would always settle on him like flies on an open wound." Better live dangerously, without anxieties; lose your security in order to find it. It is sentimentality stood on its head, archness in a ruthless cause; a very proper entertainment for late middle age. Mr. Greene's skill, like Aunt Augusta's spirit, never flags. Whether one can stand being so lightly tickled over 300 pages is another matter. Pulling's obtuseness is sometimes no joke: he takes half the book to realize that Aunt Augusta has seen brothers from the inside, and it's only intermittently funny that she should have, "Draw it mild" was a swell's phrase of the nineteenth century; "draw it bitter" is a reader's message in Mr. Greene.

*Travels with my Aunt* is drawn very mild indeed.

as the cool eye surveying the pop-up pictures before her. With this new focus, the relationship becomes something more familiar and yet less credible on its own terms, the attraction of an educated girl for the brutal stranger; and Jewel's new-found ability to parry such insults from her is, "You're not a human being at all, you're a metaphysical proposition", is one of the least satisfactory inventions of the novel. The occasional pretentiousness which creeps into the last part of the book is partly the result of Marianne's loss of detachment and the disintegration of the Barbarians' world once she has become part of it, but it does spoil what is in many ways a remarkably effective novel.

The first Collins Religious Book Award has been presented to Thomas F. Torrance for *Theological Studies* (published by the Oxford University Press at £4.4s.). Dr. Torrance, of Edinburgh University since 1952, and his most recent book is based on the Hewitt Lectures which he delivered in the United States in 1959. The Award was inaugurated to celebrate the 150th anniversary of William Collins, and will be given every two years.

## Portrait of no Lady

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In *Travels with my Aunt* Mr. Greene cunningly interweaves two stereotypes of English fiction: the Indomitable Old Lady and the Innocent Abroad. Henry Pulling is a prematurely retired bank manager, fond of dabbles and funerals. It is at his own mother's funeral that he meets his Aunt Augusta. She is in her sixties, he in his fifties; but the funeral is a beginning rather than an end. Its sequel is an entertainment in Mr. Greene's most stylish and stylized manner. His own never-quite-suppressed wordiness—a weak point for phrases rather than any sleek syntax or redundant incident—is deathly in Pulling's own middle-aged narrative voice:

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## ENGLISH

Autumn 1969

IRISH WRITING  
MARIA EDGEWORTH'S "Castle Rackrent"  
By A. Norman Jeffery  
J. M. SYNGE: "The Shadow of the Glen"  
By Robin Skelton  
THE POETRY OF PATRICK KAVANAGH (1904-1962)  
By Alan Watts  
THE TALLMAN  
By Geraldine O'Donnell  
POEMS AND REVIEWS  
Published by The English Department  
of the Oxford University Press  
Subscription to the *English* is £1.00 per year, including postage and packing. Single copies are 50p. The *English* is published quarterly, and is sent free to all subscribers.

## Belated Boudin

G. JEAN-AUBRY: *Eugène Boudin*.  
Translated by Caroline Tisdall.  
248pp. Thames and Hudson. £10.

"This is the first full-scale monograph on Boudin to appear in English," says the publishers' blurb, though the bibliography lists the Informative and intelligent monograph by Ruth L. Benjamin which was published in 1937 and is illustrated with a comprehensive choice of plates. But, then, the text of the book under review was written almost fifty years ago, and first appeared in French in 1922. All students of nineteenth-century French art have long been accustomed to referring to this age-old tome, a standard and well-documented work, in default of anything more up to date. Yet it has to be remembered that we take a different view today of the world of

Boudin's painting than they did fifty years ago, and also that new biographical information concerning him has been discovered in the interval. In the present volume a rectification of the original text has been attempted; it has been translated verbatim. Thus the date of 1858 is still given for Boudin's meeting with the young Monet, whereas we know that they exhibited together in a show at Rouen in 1856 (this is omitted from the List of Exhibitions). We are told that Monet showed a canvas entitled "Impression" in the 1867 Salon, whereas his works were refused there that year and the canvas was in question was first seen at the Impressionist Exhibition of 1874. Lastly the statement that "it must be remembered that the earliest paintings by Monet which can be seen today date, with rare exceptions, from 1874" made no sense even in 1922, and makes little now.

## November and December Fiction...

### Robin Maugham

The Link 30s

### Victor Canning

Queen's Pawn (Dec. 1) 25s

### Angela Carter

Heroes and Villains 30s

### Juliette Benzoni

Marianne 35s

### James Leasor

A Week of Love 25s

### Evan S. Connell, Jr.

Mr Bridge 42s

### General...

### Sheridan Morley

A Talent to Amuse (illus. 63s)

### Enid Bagnold

Enid Bagnold's Autobiography (Nov. 24) illus. 55s

### Victor Ferkiss

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### T. W. Masters

An Introduction to Hairstyling (illus. 25s)

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### P. Bowman and N. Ellis

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### Hervy Allen

Anthony Adverse (Dec. 1) 63s

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FICTION

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CASSELL

## Adding up the detail

DOUGLAS DUNN: *Terry Street*. 62pp. Faber and Faber. 15s.  
BRIAN JONES: *Interior*. 50pp. Alan Ross. 25s.  
TOM RAWORTH: *A Serial Biography*. 94pp. Fulcrum Press. 28s.

Douglas Dunn has a beat covering Holt's Terry Street and its environs. He has been there, like a Disney cameraman parked up a palm-tree with his head disguised as a coconut: he has shot the stuff and he has got it out. The results are distinguished in a prize-reporting kind of way. It is a distinction of a fashionable kind. The problem of the publication of his book poses Mr. Dunn to go on to it before time repudiates it. Tireless in its microscopic observation, remorseless in the scrupulousity of its language, the work is about as close as a putatively gifted poet can go to the banal. This is poetry attempting to survive on a determined honesty alone: the no-purses principle is carried through to the point where it becomes itself a prose.

Yet there is no unrest. The dust is so fine. You hardly notice you have grown too old to cry not for change. What you? This is the clinking couplet from "New Light on Terry Street", but the light is not all that new: "Up terraces of slums, young gun-chewing mothers sit Outside on their thrones of light. Cf. Larkin *poison*. Meanwhile the following kind of ability is largely going to waste: The children bounce balls Up into their dreams of sand — which is a step up in ambition and (probably) consequently in language from just flatly describing everything that has novelty value as a fearless observation. It is quite obvious that Mr. Dunn's gift of language lies in this direction and not the other, but he cannot go in that direction because for the moment he is not allowed to. No D.T.'s, please.

On the quiet street, Saturday night's Bells of fish and chip newspaper, bottles Placed neatly on window sills, beside cats. In poems a page or more long he feels compelled to disperse Pano-rama-style comment among his descriptions, but a few very short poems show the landscape unadorned with captions or voices-over. We just hold it for a long still and leave the audience to draw its own conclusions: Recalcitrant motorbikes; Dogshit under foot; a coughing woman; The old men who cannot walk briskly On the way back from their watchmen's huts.

This poem is alive in the first line because bikes refusing to start often kick back at you, so "recalcitrant" is a good word. But you would need mechanical necessity: were designed to be glossed over by the actor's performance; for the reader to proceed smoothly he must do a bit of acting himself.

On the other hand there are subtleties that are likely to go unnoticed. The brilliant device of leaving Caesar himself out of *Enter Caesar* is not nearly so dramatic on the page as it would be on sound, when one would be continually waiting (and slowly realizing the wait to be useless) for Caesar's voice, instead of skipping forward through the pages to confirm a sudden suspicion that his name will not be showing up in italics.

*Enter Caesar* was first broadcast in 1946 and has its bearing on the age of dictators which was then supposed to have ended. MacNeice knew better: as well as illustrating his favourite theme that the past was all so unimaginably different and so long ago the play is full of foreboding. *They Met On Good Friday*, another exploitation of the fur past, is full of his pain about present Ireland—not much has changed there. *Person From Porlock*, broadcast in 1963 when he was growing near the end, strikes pitilessly into the disrupted and patchy nature of his own career, a career which now seems to us so full of achievement. *East Of The Sun And West Of The Moon*, with much of the protean language of Thurber's *Thirteen Clocks* but springing from a deeper hurt and a larger yearning towards the beautiful, is enthralling to read but cries out mutely for its lost voices. The cast-lists printed at the head of each play are enough to make your mouth water. But until the day of their resurrection this book will serve.

Containing *Enter Caesar*, *East Of The Sun And West Of The Moon*, *They Met On Good Friday*, and the title play, this volume of Louis MacNeice's radio plays is a rich thing to have owned after a poet's death. It reminds us that MacNeice's sideline was something more than a sideline—that in many ways he set the standards for what is now likely to be, as W. H. Auden points out in his preface, a dying art. Put this volume beside *Christopher Columbus* and *The Dark Tower* and the achievement bulks largely enough. Count in the plays which are not yet readily available in volume form, and we are faced with a corpus of work of the first importance.

The question remains whether print is the ideal means of publication. The poems in it are Equally (and Equally imposed restrictions, are understandable) which prevents definitive productions on tape. It is a pity, since with the arrival of the cassette tape-recorder the ideal means of storage for radio plays is in theory at least, available. What a pleasure it would be to have cassettes of MacNeice's and C. Day's Cooper's and Henry Reed's plays lined up on a shelf! The day will come, of course, but for now we have to look at a page of any one of MacNeice's plays—*Enter Caesar* and *They Met On Good Friday* are the leading examples here—and exercise patience as the elementary exposition of settings and characters' names is incorporated with seeming abruptness into dialogue. Such

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to go a long way into the bad lands of Poundian theory ("congenies, of minutely observed particulars") to make sense of the selectivity exercised in the rest of it. Poems like these pass only negative tests: no, they do not pose; no, they do not stunt; no, the language is not inflated. They arise out of a determination concerning what poetry should not be. Yet everywhere there are hints of a pull towards lyricism, of form transmitting delight by its own concern with itself. The last stanza in the book's last poem is a clear echo of James Wright ("Suddenly I realise/ That if I stepped out of my body I would break/ Into blossom"). But it is a satisfactory distance from Terry Street and shows the way Mr. Dunn's poetry could go.

The back of my hand With its network of small veins Has clung to the underside of a leaf. If water fell on me now I think I would grow.

One is sure that he will, just as one is sure that this book is out a shade too early for its author's good health and a shade too late to set any new marks for the fashion it exemplifies. "Death of a Cultural Gollum" is the best poem in Brian Jones's new book *Interior*. Not that it is free from unsubstantiated artifice of syncretistic charm: He awoke, to find himself lying awake listening to music—a violin drawing like Klee's hand across silence. He rose, and was the music.

One does not object to Klee; just to the omission of any information on why Klee is more relevant than Chagall, Kandinsky, Grandma Moses or Winston Churchill in this context. And we suppose that this man can be if I could just focus...

ISE: THE NATIVES ARE RESTLESS  
A Report on Student Power in Action  
Paul Hoch und G. Schenkerbach  
The remarkable inside story of the ISE revolt, unknown to all else relied on the national press for their information. It describes the student generation which entered an academic community but found a power structure... Read this book before the rest get it banned—Bertrand Russell

THE SOUND OF OUR TIME  
Dave Ling  
A serious but highly readable study of pop music—its origins, its industry and media, its creators and audience, together with a fascinating attempt to interpret this unique blend of art form and mass product.

CHURCH AND COLONIALISM  
Heiler Cumaru  
The great Brazilian archbishop on the rape of the Third World. Should be read out at meetings in 10 Downing Street, the Foreign and Commonwealth Office and the Treasury. No compulsion will be needed to get it read at the universities.—New Statesman

A SURVEY OF CHEMICAL AND BIOLOGICAL WARFARE  
John Cookson and Judith Nottingham  
The first comprehensive collection and detailed analysis of all the available evidence about CBW—what the weapons are, what damage they can do and have already done, where they are manufactured, which countries are using them, which countries are preparing to use them.

JUSTICE FIRST  
edited by Lewis Donnelly  
A hard-hitting but fully documented indictment of the racism now endemic in Britain, not just in Powellism, but in the official policies of government and opposition parties alike, and in the day-to-day practices in employment, housing, and education.

PERSPECTIVES ON WORK, WELFARE, AND SOCIETY  
series editor: Ian Clegg  
A new booklet series providing basic background information on social and political questions from a socialist standpoint. The first four titles are: *Class and Power*, *Industrial Democracy*, *A Short History of the British Labour Movement*, and *Unions and Strikes*.

Sheed and Ward

## Turn again, Ivan Ivanovich

ERIK DE MAUNY: *Russian Prospect*. 280pp. Macmillan. £2 10s.  
PAVEL LITVINOV: *The Demonstration in Pushkin Square*. Translated by Marya Horari. 128pp. Harvill Press. 30s.

Whatever was going on here? Comrade Judges! This year is a great date for us—it is the fiftieth year of the Soviet régime. The struggle for the maintenance of public order continues throughout the country. In Moscow, the maintenance of public order is particularly important. We are largely been successful in this respect. Imagine, in the circumstances, the astonishment and indignation of the citizens who witnessed what occurred in Pushkin Square on the 22nd of January 1967...

Or what did the K.G.B., in a private interview with Pavel Litvinov, think would go on?

You understand perfectly well that such a word could be used against us by our ideological enemies, especially on the fiftieth anniversary of the Soviet régime... You must know perfectly well what we are talking about. We are only warning you, but the Court will move you guilty.

Western liberal values have never been easy to defend without the shade catching alight. Questions of intellectual property, of allowable limits to personal freedom, of higher loyalties and other seemingly clean-shaven issues have a way of turning

out to be thickets for the unwary. And no less so in going over to the attack: the leaves on the ground cover brushwood laid across deep pits. For all that, one may risk a generalization and say that the trial stories that have emerged from Moscow in the past two years could only originate in a society which, sick perhaps, like many another, lacks to a quite special degree the honesty and resilience needed to cure itself.

The stories in outline are familiar enough. Press reports and articles have told of the chain-reaction of peaceful demonstrations around the "writers' trial" of the winter of 1965-66, the subsequent arrests of Aleksandr Ginzburg's associates in January, 1967, and of those protesting at their arrests shortly afterwards, the arrest of Ginzburg himself after this demonstration, and finally Dr. Pavel Litvinov's own sentence in 1968, ostensibly for protesting at the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia. In for a kopec, in for a rouble, and there may be more such stories to come.

What is less familiar is the symptomatic background to these episodes within what may be called the national self-awareness of the Soviet Union, which in this form dates not so much from the delirium of Stalin since the 1950s as from Khrushchev's fall, half a decade ago this autumn. All three books are caught up in this collective mood, or themselves try to catch it, and most remarkably for their authors have nothing in common except their

affection for Russia) they paint three pictures of quite different style that overlap to make an exact composite. The pictures work by increasing their depth of focus on to the subject. In *Russian Prospect* Erik de Mauny sets up his canvas furthest away, and takes the widest brush. A graduate in Russian and lifelong devotee, he was the first resident B.B.C. correspondent in Moscow, and arrived there in May, 1963, with just enough time to see Khrushchev's ambivalent personality erupt at home and abroad. He reports how foreigners would warm to this most completely thawed of the Soviet icebergs, and yet be repelled by the man's hourishness on state occasions or at an art gallery; how "Mr. Maize", tough organizer though he was, could still bewilder his agricultural experts with endless changes of policy; and how hard it was for Khrushchev, or indeed for any survivor from the Stalinist past, to bury the terrible Georgian altogether while keeping the Party on its feet above ground fit took *Panda* two months to answer Khrushchev's charges at the 1961 Congress that Stalin's Party had been intellectually sterile. Unperturbed by his own part in this history, Khrushchev in the 1960s tirelessly backtracked on his denunciations, sometimes for specious motives of pressure or persuasion but occasionally out of a genuine fondness for the man at whose funeral he had wept.

Khrushchev's own abrupt dismissal in October, 1964 (widely told by Mr. de Mauny against the awesome professional task of getting out an account for the B.B.C. of events which not even Moscow itself was sure had happened, allowed a great many Russians to discover suddenly that Nikita Sergeyevich had all along been something of a mistake. A London taxi does not turn with a tighter wheel-lock than does the averagely cynical Soviet citizen, and a main concern of *Russian Prospect* is to show how damaging this cynicism is.

Its greatest danger lies in fostering self-deception. This can take the form of a refusal to admit that a village which Mr. de Mauny decides is essential to his television film of Siberia exists at all, because it is shabby. Or of a press report—telling how a decent Russian girl was sold into Arab slavery after marrying a Muslim—which is admitted to be a complete fabrication designed to stop foreign marriages. Or of a pronouncement, after some writer has discovered that the guns of the cruiser *Amora* did not in fact herald the storming of the Winter Palace in 1917 with a roaring salvo but merely with a single blank shell, that the Soviet people have "a right to criticize their revolutionary past and that anyone trying to destroy this is undermining tradition". Even the K.G.B., Mr. de Mauny suggests, can deceive itself enough to imagine it can add to its Philby triumphs by using him to corrupt a representative of the British Broadcasting Corporation (B.B.C.) into

Mauny's remission with that weary some man is his only dull chapter, but at least it puts Soviet intelligence firmly back into what one always hopes is its proper setting of naive worldly-wisdom and unadmitted blunder.)

Cynicism of this kind, as the author says, percolates right down from the top. He is scrupulously fair (after incorruptibility, the prime Corporation virtue) and takes his material where he finds it, but not even the young go-getters of Bratsk or Yakutsk, impatient with bureaucracy and open to new ideas, can rid his copy of this flavour of disillusion. Stimming up the five years of the troika of Brezhnev, Kosygin and Podgorny, the best he can say is that it has been a time of transition; the leadership itself apparently finds it necessary to go on pretending to be monolithic.

Mr. de Mauny spends a good part of his three years and three hundred pages among the intellectuals (two long chapters on the writers proving how well he did his homework). On the other hand, "An Observer", a Western postgraduate student, never leaves them in *Message from Moscow*. He is at their jazz parties, where homeless couples make love in their host's kitchen, in the library that is a den of illicit Western sociological imports, beside the short-wave radio sets that get West Germany, at the desk of an artist who, unable to exhibit his abstracts, earns a living with socialist-realist pot-boulers for children's books. Where the B.B.C. visits

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John Coile



the real Bratis dam, "Observer" knows the author of a novel that tells of a Bratis dam less real but somewhat less than heroic; the book cannot possibly appear in that form. This viewpoint is thus a goal dead nearer Pushkin Square.

"Observer" does not disguise his idealism for Russia, but he is trapped. If he wants to get away from the city into this idealized landscape, all he can do other than go skiing in the suburban hills, to take a long taxi-ride and talk to the driver, a bluff, rather woman who embodies all the communist virtues along with most of these generally thought of as "Russian", but who remains in the end a creation of the author's own fantasy. Russia show otherwise his total recall of their long conversation.

All else is the meat queue, office laziness and *bezrazuzhe*, Orwell on the black market, winter streets, racist attitudes (towards both Chinese and Africans), and the latest political joke. His own gloss on the cynical self-deception that Mr. de Mauny found is that among intellectuals it should read "opting out". The intelligentsia lives largely for itself and by itself, and the protesters are merely tilting at windmills (a useful corrective of this account is that it shows how very few such protesters there are).

The book's opening diary of Invasion Day (August 21, 1968) ex-

tends its apathy to the entire population, at whose indifference to the happenings in Prague the author would have no share his anger. This is a forgivably mistaken wish. No population, not even that of a well-informed democracy, goes about expressing rage at its rulers' misdeeds—more's the pity, or just as well, according to one's idea of how society can best conduct itself—and to ask this of ordinary Russians over Czechoslovakia is absurd. But conduct and shoppings the world over spend their time conducting buses and selling things. Where "Observer" is on safer ground is in the intellectual's despair, which is another matter.

There was much drinking on those evenings for the Ginzburg and Litvinov trials—much more than usual—and deep dependency about what had happened. But it was not only the fate of the courageous protesters and friends were lamenting; it was also their own impotence and weak will. "We didn't even have the guts to go and see the martyrs and show we're with them. All right, it's dangerous. It wouldn't have changed anything. But how do you think it makes us feel? What do we deserve if we're not willing to make sacrifices?"

This, as well as being right for nineteenth-century Russian liberalism, exactly echoes the quite new Soviet dilemma of the 1960s: that during the years when people were being

sent to labour camps or executed for things they hadn't done, it was possible to stay passive; but now they are actually doing something (a satirical essay here, an unfurled banner there), and that something is so trivial, how not to stand up and be counted? Perhaps because he has met the guilt—if not the reason for it—in the West already, "Observer" turns this screw unmercifully. If shopgirls are the same all over the world, then so are intellectuals at the court of Elninore. Those who are totally undisciplined must earn their right to this degree of knowledge.

And so to the insider's picture, in *The Demonstration in Pushkin Square*—the Square seen from the Square in snapshots rather than in brush-strokes. Photographers indeed were aplenty, outside the courtrooms whose proceedings Dr. Litvinov records—K.G.B. men snatching friends of the accused, noting whom they talked to, following them home to search their rooms. The Bully says the Birthday Party is being spied; what does he mean?

Dr. Litvinov makes clear that the point at issue throughout each case is not the writings of Shinyavsky and Daniel, nor their "anti-Soviet" publication abroad. The two writers' names occur only twice in the transcripts, which cover a later and different series of trials: those of February and August, 1967, at which time the writers had already been in prison for more than a year. What is at hand is legal issues far wider than those of Article 70 against anti-Soviet propaganda. The accused are in duck on behalf of socialist legality itself.

It must be remembered that their target the notorious Article 190, whose paragraphs had been slipped into the criminal code a few months after the writers' trial had shown a need for them far earlier than the subject of a dignified formal protest from a dozen or so pillars of the establishment (among them Academician Leontovich and the composer Shostakovich). The new paragraphs forbade "the dissemination of deliberately false statements derogatory to the Soviet state and socialist system" and "the organization of or active

participation in group activities involving a grave breach of public order". They were thought necessary for two reasons, both ironical. First, that because censorship has no legal existence in the Soviet Union and a free press is guaranteed by the Constitution, it is theoretically permissible to publish anything, say by making typewritten copies. This meant that Article 70 was too coarse a net for certain fish. Secondly, that because participation in "group activities" is often encouraged by authority (for example, every May Day or when a foreign embassy needs its gateway blocked), the legal boundary between genuinely spontaneous and officially sanctioned participation needed to be defined. The former was previously punishable as "hooliganism". The judiciary was really in a tricky situation. In the West, as student riots have shown, it is by no means easy to judge when an assembly of more or less peaceable demonstrators becomes a threat to public order. But at least our difficulty is not compounded by any worry about getting the loyal thousands out to the streets, next week for the Queen's Birthday. Nor, attractive though the plan might be, do we have to let the Press Council slap Mr. Murdoch, lock up Miss Keeler, and then deny that the council exists.

In effect, both the new Soviet decrees had their roots in constitutional freedoms—of press and assembly—from which all natural upper growth had been lopped off. The trials were thus, non-trials, and the charges arose from the very articles against which the defendants had been demonstrating. In this Orwellian atmosphere the accused stay remarkably aware of, almost sympathetic to, the legalistic tangle that wraps itself around both prosecution and defence. Even a judge, imagining all present to be back at law-school seminar, gets rattled (hardly surprising, since Ginzburg's defence counsel did as good a job for his client as to earn his dismissal from both the Party and his legal college a few months later). What makes it worse is that the young

men and women are so stupid, hooligans, so reasonable about it. As one of the prosecution men, "Seven months in solitary confinement [waiting trial] made you change your mind." Yes, indeed. The prosecution of abuse: relatives are denounced while Komsomol leaders, about character evidence (for example, religion) is allowed to be an atmosphere of quite unbecoming tension, false press reports are test of the pleas given and the complaints about these are given. What, in the end, did they for these few uncovered? Their parents denied any socialist law, but Stalin's camps just the same, and why the present trials? Khushchev, the first man to take hands on the clay-footed Stalin, the man who spoke against legality and promised "again" was gone. Very at least the troika seemed of gilded enough—fame does to avoid a repetition of the personality. But no, the law is made and the courts are open. Little at a time, just as it had scare the writers and artists. So legality is not denied, for that, to be bearable: it is merely ruled order.

And if we are looking for then Dr. Litvinov and his colleagues would probably like to see a country of such attainment, great strengths should find a way to believe in this fashion. Dementia praecox? The Ly's clutch on Pushkin ready for its patient.

A word about the English edition of Dr. Litvinov's trial. This is the last completed report from the Russian made by Masha Harari and issued by Harari Press, the firm which started with Mrs. Mariage in 1946 and which has done a fine Russian writing a letter. Masha Harari died in a tent, a few months after her hand.

**Messiah** by Handel and others  
JOHN TOBIN: *Handel's Messiah*. 276pp. Cassell, £9.95.

Handel has a debt to John Tobin. Nearly twenty years ago, he conducted his first performance of *Messiah* with cantatas, and vocal ornamentation, and on the chamber-music scale of Handel's own time: the boldest of attempts to restore eighteenth-century performing conventions. If, nowadays, such performances are almost the norm and we raise our voices in protest at the absence of a harpsichord, the presence of massed choirs, or the literal interpretation of a vocal line, Mr. Tobin is entitled to some of the credit for it.

The task of preparing the *Messiah* text for the new collected edition of Handel's works brought Mr. Tobin into contact with its multiplicity of

sources. And he discovered how corrupt most of the standard editions are: he traces here the growth of some of these corruptions, from the time of Handel's death to the present, in luxurious detail. This book to some extent represents a critical assessment of the source material, which ranges from Handel's autograph score in the British Museum and the copy used at the first performance through about fifteen other scores—some of them simple copies, or copies of copies: others showing emendations made for particular singers of particular performances or embodying some sort of contemporary performing tradition.

The notion of a definitive text is mythical. For example, if we want to reproduce the first performance, the bass solo in Part I, "But who may abide", should be omitted, and the words sung in a recitative (probably a late

substitution because of the soloist's inaccuracy; alternatively, we could have the bass solo that Handel presumably wrote in the first place, a simple staccato movement in three-eight time; or we could use the revised version of the aria for alto, written some seven years later for the famous castrato Giannini, which brilliantly contrasts the exasperating carelessness and inconsistency, have to be settled by an interpreter's feelings rather than as a safeguard to style as Mr. Tobin is forced to end most of his arguments with bald statements like "the interpretation seems to accord with the *Affekt*".

Handel was not always careless. Matters like doling the odd quaver, or writing the harmony figures clearly under the bass part, were too trivial for him to bother about; he knew that in practical performance, with musicians at home in the style, such matters would come more or less right. But he was more careful than Mr. Tobin suggests over the actual voices used. It is not accurate to say that Handel "cared little whether his music was sung by one voice or another": the number of octave transpositions from soprano or contralto to tenor or bass, or vice versa, he permitted is exceedingly small; if a change was necessary, he usually rewrote the number of substantially adjusted the vocal layout.

Ornamentation is of course perilous ground, and Mr. Tobin does not always tread warily. He cites only one contemporary writer on vocal style (and that an Italian, concerned more with opera than oratorio); and suggestions for orchestral ornamentation are mostly based, Mr. Tobin's own performance, are famous most of all for their cantatas, and some of these are fully reproduced here: he properly emphasizes that they are "purely personal". But, more dangerously, he suggests that they are in accord with eighteenth-century practice: though for a start they are much too long. Singing cantatas from a book is, anyway, false to the spirit; they need to be improvised. Still, Mr. Tobin's aim is the recreation of an authentic performing style. This, slightly bewildering assemblage of fact and opinion may stimulate Handelians into thinking the harder about how best to approach it.

Others, even apart from the time of the Zhdanov congress and her two children taken into the care of the state, Mr. Seroff does not go into Prokofiev's estrangement from his wife apart from recording the fact. Prokofiev's last years were spent with Myra Mendelson, Kaganovich's niece, who, Mr. Seroff thinks, provided some measure of protection against the terror of these years. The general ferocity of the 1948 moves against composers is well known but the book is useful in filling in details.

For the main biographical outline Mr. Seroff draws on familiar sources, including Prokofiev's own autobiographical essay as well as what he calls "unique and revealing documents" in his own possession. Of course, the main difficulty of writing about any Soviet artist is the inaccessibility of sources but Mr. Seroff would inspire more confidence were he to give detailed footnote references to substantiate his narrative. Far more unfortunate is his prose, however, which rarely reports facts or conversations without added colouring and over-dramatization. If his style is that of American popular journalists, the treatment meted out to Prokofiev and others at the height of the Zhdanov affair, Mr. Seroff supplements Alexander Werth's account of this with a first-hand description of a similar congress presided over by Zhdanov in Prague shortly before Mr. Seroff also gives for the first time in print an account of the disappearance of Prokofiev's first wife, Lina Lubars. For years, it was supposed that the official Soviet biography, she was arrested at about the

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### The old ogre's daughter

SVETLANA ALLILUYEVA: *Only One Year*. Translated by Paul Cheyenne. 415pp. Hutchinson, 35s.

Inevitably, everything that Svetlana Alliluyeva has written about her life—first in *Twenty Letters to a Friend*, and now in *Only One Year*—is haunted by a certain aura of legend. To have been born Stalin's daughter was not an easy fate to begin with; and when the bloodstained old ogre died, Svetlana, however fiercely she tried to hide in a private life of her own, remained none the less a piece of state property—and one which the Soviet authorities, sensing the ticking of potential revelations, treated as if dangerous. She escaped both from the Lenin predicament of her origins and from the larger but equally grey confines of the Soviet Union by the simple process of walking into the United States Embassy in New Delhi to ask for asylum; and it is this that seems so improbable, just because there is no elaborate plan of escape, no outward drama, merely the closing of one door and the opening of another.

Now, in *Only One Year*, Mrs. Alliluyeva reflects on all that happened to her in the twelve months that followed that mid-December day in 1946, when she boarded an Aeroflot plane in Moscow for New Delhi, the ashes of Joseph Stalin, the frail, aristocratic Indian communist whom she had met in a Moscow hospital three years earlier, and taken as husband. Because it is a recollection in tranquillity, in which the pain of past events is absorbed and clarified, and because it is informed by the objective recognition of what really happened during Stalin's twenty-five years of arbitrary rule, this is a better book than *Twenty Letters to a Friend*. It is also much harsher in its judgments. Mrs. Alliluyeva acknowledges that the first account raised

false expectations in the West. She had no startling political revelations to offer then; nor does she now. But whereas in the first book she portrayed Beria as the evil genius responsible for the worst horrors of the Stalin regime, she now squarely faces the fact that the guiding hand was her father's. The process of reappraisal was clearly not easy. My adolescence was spent under the sign of his irrefragable authority; everything taught and forced me to believe in this authority, and if there was so much grief around it, I could only conclude that others must have been at fault. For twenty-seven years I was witness to the spiritual deterioration of my own father, watching day after day how everything human in him left him and how gradually he turned into a grim monument to his own self. But my generation was trained to think that this monument was the embodiment of all that was most beautiful in the ideals of Communism, its living personification.

Exactly; and there is clearly nothing in the Soviet Communist system to prevent the same thing happening again. As Mrs. Alliluyeva remarks with emphasis: "Little by little, it became more than obvious not only that my father had been a despot and had brought about a bloody terror, destroying millions of innocent people, but that the whole system which had made it possible was profoundly corrupt; that all its participants could not escape responsibility, no matter how hard they tried. It is useful to compare this observation with another passage in which Mrs. Alliluyeva describes how she was summoned to the Kremlin by the present Prime Minister, Mr. Kossygin, who warned her in solemn and weighty tones against the folly of wanting to marry an Indian, and advised her to resolve her problems by taking up work in a collective. In the Soviet scale of values, the 'collective' always wins against individual moral scruples or personal loyalty. His advice having

gone unheeded, it is not surprising to find that, only a few months later, Mrs. Alliluyeva had settled in the United States. Mr. Kossygin, then New York for a session of the United Nations, was describing her American reporters as a "stable" person.

Mrs. Alliluyeva's reflections on Soviet system form, however, a small part of this book; and in general she does not look back on her life in Moscow in anger, but in sadness. She misses her children, and as plainly—in spite of the manner with which she has been so well befriended by certain Americans—she misses society. Handful of old friends in Russia have suffered and endured under the system, as she did, and remained, continued by it. Her own escape from the past began in the year of the small dusty town on the Ganges, where Brahmin Shanti was born and where she laid her roots. Her first thought was to seek refuge in India, but her father there was a political refugee, and there had been a constant tension between Soviet-Indian relations; and in the end she had to spend her years in Switzerland, until a former agent got between her and the American Ambassador in Moscow, George Kennan, who was to be the United States' ambassador to the United States. She has been able to tell her story, not a great or original one, but one that is transparently honest, and in contrast to the memoirs of well-known figures, it is a revelation of the inner world of a woman.



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## Macmillan

# Sniggering in the room

KENNETH ROSE: *Superior Person*. 475pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £3 15s.

Lord Curzon has been cruelly served by history. Part of the reason lies in the pleasure writers derive from toppling over a figure which seems to them to epitomize pride, aristocracy and self-sufficiency. That may be fun but it is not history. When Lord Curzon died, his biography was undertaken by Lord Ronaldsday and published in three large volumes—a late flowering of the Victorian tradition of biography which Lytton Strachey once regarded as an inexorable part of the "slow, funeral barbarism" provided for the illustrious sons of nineteenth-century England. Certainly the three volumes were soon outpaced in the headlong rush of the twentieth century, and it may be suspected that they are now consigned to the dustbin of history. Lord Ronaldsday's book may rather smother its subject, it remains a good book—fair, comprehensive and informative with here and there the unfashionable virtue of reticence. But by its nature the book was an interment, the very size of the undertaking seeming appropriate to the supposed pomp and vanities of the subject.

On top of Lord Ronaldsday, Lord Curzon's reputation has had to carry the severe study by Mr. Leonard Mosley, the publication of his private letters to his second wife, and some revelations in the biography of the distinguished lady novelist who fancied that he wished to make her Lady Curzon. Moreover, in addition to all this, recent political historians have too readily accepted that in Lloyd George's government after the First World War the foreign secretary (Curzon) was a figure of fun.

Donat Low once asked a friend whether Lloyd George hated Curzon. "No," came the answer, "he laughs at Curzon." Such was the spirit of comradeship prevailing in that out-thrust Cabinet. It was not laughter in the same room. Curzon, unlike his Elton contemporary, Sir George Sitwell, had no son to immortalize his oddities and wit, but he has found in Mr. Kenneth Rose a biographer of perception who finds his way to the true Curzon, and is unaffected by the foibles and conceits of the present age.

Lord Ronaldsday asked a question which, to those who understand human nature, affords a chance to solve an absorbing puzzle. He is alluding to the familiar picture of Curzon—superior, pompous and humourless—and then asks:

How could the public who saw him only from the far side of the footlights know that behind the scenes of the theatre he bubbled over with animal spirits, danced, joked, did all the things that high-spirited youth in love with life and with a consuming passion for laughter insist on doing the wide world over?

Lord Ronaldsday, who asked the question, could have answered it—both privately, not publicly. For that there were too many survivors of Curzon's youthful circle and the day of private revelation had not then dawned. Not, let it be hastily added, that there was anything scandalous about Curzon's private life: as was true of so many of his generation there was much talk but less action. Curzon and his friends would have understood the lady at the house-party who whispered to an admirer that she would leave a rose outside her bedroom door. She then slipped the rose outside the door of a bishop who was sleeping at ease with himself and the world. Curzon was admitted and loved in the most brilliant

world of fashion since the Regency; among the Souls, the Crabbet Club—where he was called by the founder "the most brilliant, the never flags for an instant"—and the Tennant sisters he comes down to us with his personality as dominant and vivid as when he wrote for the Crabbet Club.

Charm and a man I sing, to wit—a most superior person. Myself who bears the illing name of George Nathaniel Curzon. From which 'tis clear that even when in swaddling bands I lay low. There floated round my head a sort of apostolic halo.

Roughly the first half of Mr. Rose's book is concerned with this gay and prosperous period of Curzon's life, and his account is fortified with wit and a great variety of entertaining anecdote. These qualities alone make the book infinitely worth reading. Indeed there are moments when some readers may regret that the author did not draw a full picture of the Souls and their circle—not, of course, as they seem in our rather brazen lists, but as they really were—set in their own times and governed by their own habit of thought. Certainly Mr. Rose would make of this a highly successful and entertaining book. There is, of course, a profusion of rather lightweight books on the individual Souls and their friends, and Mr. Rose has drawn them together to take us behind the footlights and to show us Curzon at the centre of a brilliant tale.

What then went wrong? Obviously the Viceroyalty of India exhausted Curzon, shortened his temper, and shattered old friendships. But Mr. Rose suggests—and he is surely right here—that Curzon was really the victim of his own droolery:

he quotes Desmond MacCarty, the danger of making jobs a reward for the humblest and the most inferior person. Curzon, a hat is the meaning of the English word "bunker" which sometimes you called "a bunker" was also gifted or afflicted with impetuous tongue and pen. In all together, these perhaps why Curzon, with noble and noble qualities, partially and not hidden, was relegated by fortune to the time—and since—company of the vain and pompous to march in a stately procession to the Prime Minister, Lord Grey, in real life and the Duke of Devonshire in fiction.

Mr. Rose is only lightly concerned with the controversies of Curzon's time in India and with the history of his life not at all. A complete political biography could easily miss the point of Curzon's life. What Mr. Rose has achieved is to correct the popular misconception of his subject's character. His space in the wider fields of public life will find their task that much easier. In a world brimming with corrigenda, Mr. Rose brings to his publishers by providing them a book which is ritually right and, although he apologizes for the trouble he has caused by these are troubles which publicists must learn to accept with a smile. The index by Mr. Norman Keay, Vice-President of the Society of Indologists, is beyond praise.

# Honour, humours and hipsters

FRANCIS BEAUMONT and JOHN FLETCHER: *The Maid's Tragedy*. Edited by Howard B. Norland. 196pp. RICHARD BROME: *A Jewell*. Edited by Ann Haakar. 144pp. GEORGE CHAPMAN: *All Fools*. Edited by Frank Manley. 103pp. Edward Arnold. 21s. each.

The "Regents Renaissance Drama" series, a very carefully edited set of scholarly texts with full apparatus of bibliographical and critical lore but neatly presenting the text itself in modern spelling, is issued under the general editorship of Professor C. W. Ceram by the University of Nebraska Press in the United States and by Edward Arnold in this country. The accident of publication dates threw together recently three very different plays of Jacobean-Caroline plays: an early Beaumont-Fletcher example of the irredeemably tedious love-honour conventions later to be parodied after the Restoration, a Jacobean comedy of humours by that sober political tragedian, George Chapman, and a rollicking tale of a boy's life in the streets of London by the chief of the "Sons of Ben", performed on the banks of the River Thames. Taken together, they are a salutary reminder that to generalize too freely about "Jacobean drama" is as dangerous as to draw conclusions about, say, "the modern novel" from any three examples from even trend-setting writers.

"They're tied to rules of flattery" comments a courtier in the opening scene of *The Maid's Tragedy* (performed in 1607/11). He was speaking of the new era of unapologetic, but the phrase will serve for the play itself, for its plot and all its heroines.

Al about the same time, the learned Chapman was presenting, in the *Bussy d'Ambois* plays, a much more serious attempt to grapple, almost in the terms of modern political philosophy, with the daring political theories which were beginning to adorn the utterances of those reckless men engaged in personal ambition and general mayhem at Courtly courts. His effort at comedy, *All Fools* (performed 1599), shows his learning in a rather tiresome Terentian treatment of double bluffs, secret marriages, some unwitting fathers, jealous cuckolds, and so on; like the first version of Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, it parades London types lightly disguised in Italianate names. Even in so unserious a play, however, one feels that Chapman is not a natural dramatist: his free-flowing blank verse is undifferentiated so that one never really remembers who is speaking. There are low-key exercises on the theme of Fortune (unlike some of the set-pieces in *Troilus and Cressida*) and the customary plugging of chop-logic impertinences by cheeky servants, all of which contribute to what a later age would call a "well-made play". One leaves it, however, merely noting afresh how a particular art form will, in its heyday, draw into itself talents which at other times would have fitted themselves out more comfortably in quite other garments.

Richard Brome, "the great Jonson made free of the trade", as one

of his eulogists puts it—was producing comedies of humours and other salable professional stuff right up to the Civil War. *A Jovial Crew* (performed 1641) points the moral that times of misery, disillusion and general depression can foster the "stop-the-world-I-want-to-get-off" reaction no less easily than our own days of youth-boring affluence. The young housewife and her lover, the poet, the attorney, the soldier, the courtier, the priest, who all run off to join the merry band of beggars, must have aroused in the Cockpit audiences much the same sort of "get-away-from-it-all" response afforded by their descendants in the musical film *The Fugitive King*. Beggars' cant on the stage no doubt offered the same titillation as that enjoyed by devotees of pop discourse. There is a fair amount of dramatic realism, too, when the hared members of the gentry show find that in free-living beggars their lives become conventional in a way only superficially different. It is a goal-natured, ultimately quite conservative, piece of rollicking entertainment. One feels, none the less, that a black-comedy version of *The Maid's Tragedy*, shunning off all its hints of honour and treachery, would now-

days suit the comic spirit more closely than either Brome's gypsy frolic or Chapman's laugh-by-rule denouements. It is a great pleasure to have these second-line Elizabethan-Jacobean plays in so handy and well presented form. They are worth the editorial labour expended, and their editors are helpfully up to date with their textual references and their historical or economic asides. But when, oh when, will American editors learn that it is not a sign of scholarship, but of obsessional timidity, when a passing reference to Falstaff's three words—"a mere scutcheon"—is made to hear the unhelpful footnote: "William Shakespeare, *Henry IV, Part I*, V.1.28-144 in *The Complete Works of Shakespeare*, ed. G. L. Kittredge (New York, 1936)." Who really cares to know which one out of scores of possible modern editions of the play Mr. Norland happened to have at his elbow when this well-known phrase struck his memory? He might have been more usefully employed in finding some awkward sentence as: "Melantius fuses the initially conflicting demands of friend and family into a single action designed to redeem the personal honour he naturally clings to."

# Unmasked nō

PETER D. ARNOTT: *The Theatres of Japan*. 319pp. Macmillan. £4 11s.

The Western theatre-lover on a visit to Tokyo could see a different production each day for a very long time (even two a day if he had the stamina, for some theatres open before lunch). Just as the Japanese had the most modern railways, so with their theatres. The superb National Theatre (which has no attached actors, however—kind Japanese say that they think that our system of a national company of actors without a theatre is better) has two stages, one large and one small, the latter mainly for puppets, but available for all sorts of small-scale performances.

The Nissei theatre, specializing in spectacles such as opera or *Hamlet* on a grand scale, is in the headquarters of an insurance company. The Kabuki theatre, though older, is still magnificent. These tourist-conscious theatres are very easy for the visitor to find, but he will also find, in almost every department store of any size (just as he is likely to discover a railway-station on a lower floor) a well-equipped theatre somewhere near the roof, in which he will nearly always be able to see something of interest, from modern plays, or *Kabuki* given by young actors, to the annual jamborees of devoted amateurs of obscure traditional schools of music. It takes a more dedicated researcher to get to see a *nō* play, but two stages exist in the centre of the city, and in the suburbs there are more, though very difficult to track down.

If his fancy is for modern theatre—translations of Miller, perhaps, or Brecht—he can go to the headquarters of several permanent companies, like the Actors' Theatre, who have trained up their actors to a high level of skill, or again, scattered around the city, in stores, universities, local government centres, club and association buildings, or small back rooms, he will find performances of the most advanced theatre that he could hope for. At the other end of the scale—music, ball, girle shows, air-pirates—everything is available. *The Theatres of Japan* is, among other things, a sophisticated and intelligent guide to all this. It is complete in itself, it gives a summary history of Japan and follows this with accounts of the development of the drama and other forms that preceded it. However, this is an excellent book, and a fine testimony to the author's wide study of the drama. Even the reader with no interest in Japan will find much that will stimulate new approaches to Western drama.

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# Laughing in the aisles

SHERIDAN MORLEY: *A Talent to Amuse*. 359pp. Heinemann. £3 3s.

Our audio-visual village is celebrating the seventieth birthday of Mr. Noel Coward. The tenants will crowd to the Hall, bearing as gifts re-assessments and profiles; some bunting will be hung on television; there will be the usual bonfire of past resentments, and a great hawking of souvenirs like new records and old films. "There is a roasting in critical corridors, as though the laurels, so long withheld, are at last being prepared. They have certainly been well earned; who else can be called a truly good fellow at the National Theatre and Las Vegas, in a thousand Palm Courts, and in the essays of Kenneth Tynan?"

He is self-taught, self-made, the image is self-begotten. Unable to read or write music, he used to hum his tunes, sometimes by telephone, to an amanuensis. He had little schooling, and picked up his stagecraft as a child actor. From a seedy-gentle background—his parents kept lodgings, he picked his way into the house-party set. By the time *The Forerunner* opened at the Hampstead Everyman he had played his own P.R.O. with such success that the stalls were packed with the best people, and a loan from Michael Arlen collected typically over lunch at the Ritz—kept the production going when the original backer wanted to withdraw.

Noël Coward's life is an illustration of the maxim that success is very largely the ability to survive failure. The interest of Mr. Morley's biography is that it does not try to hilt the years when nothing quite came off, the errors of judgment, the overrating of capacity, the chilling attempts to repeat what had worked so well before. Through all this, Mr. Coward trotted on, even gooding

himself to that act of courage that only another entertainer can appreciate: he would go, the morning after a disastrous first night and a series of cruel notices, to lunch in his usual restaurant. The bravery and the cheek have paid off. In his sixties he has made a new reputation in cabaret, and achieved a fresh success with revivals. The bright young fauna of the 1930s has become a Grand Old Man.

Mr. Morley judges the plays by their appeal to audiences, but refrains from looking too closely at the texts. This is tactful: much of Mr. Coward's work seems today sentimental and embarrassing. His achievement is in those light-hearted pieces that he threw off in a few weeks of thinking and a few days of writing. Boiled down by the years, this seems to leave us with *Hay Fever*, *Private Lives*, some funny one-acters, and a lot of good songs and a legend. But is that all? "Mr. Coward," said John Osborne, "like Miss Dietrich, is his own invention and one who cannot see that should keep well away from the theatre." It is, perhaps, mainly in the theatre, and among the theatrical people, that Mr. Coward's wit and worth will continue to be shown their due. To dissect his work at a seminar is like anyone who tries to cut cowbells. *Hay Fever* risks looking the same sort of spook-story as the ponderous den who tries to analyse a joke. What is on the printed page seems almost nothing: only an actor in front of an audience can appreciate the structure that lies beneath the words.

Mr. Morley rightly draws our attention to two characteristics of Mr. Coward's work that have had an influence on unexpected quarters. His characters are almost continually saying one thing while they

think another: the surface hadinage is a cover, like a game of consequence played with children the night before a divorce. More important, the relationships that obsessed Mr. Coward were those of people who cannot live together, but cannot bear to live apart. Through comedy, he looked at areas of suffering tragedy had neglected to explore. Edward Albee and Harold Pinter have acknowledged their debt to him, and many other playwrights have drawn heavily on material and methods that Mr. Coward taught audiences to accept. The fact that he did so unconsciously, without solemnity, and might well disown any such intention, is a refreshment in days when intentions are so often stated far in advance of achievement.

Biographies of the dead have become so ruthless that those of the living, held back by the law or good taste, begin to seem tame. It is a compliment to all concerned that this book is allowed to open most of the cupboards and give us a quick look at the skeletons. Mr. Coward had the classic disadvantage of an efficient, pushing and much-loved mother and an intellectual father. Through the biographer's euphemisms we seem sometimes to hear a thin scream over the tinkle of ice in the glass.

I've been to a marvellous party With Norman and Ned and Nell. It was in the fresh air. And we went as we were. And we stayed as we were. Which was Hell.

Mr. Morley is frank about the causes of Mr. Coward's unpopularity with the press. The least attractive is the combination of emotional patriotism with foreign residence for tax avoidance. It is always annoying to be accused on how great we

might be by gentlemen living in Switzerland or Jamaica to be contributing to the social sense that are possibly our last claim to greatness. There may be some. Mr. Coward has probably used more for charity than he ever got from the tax man; and when conscience troubled him he need not say, the best advice I was Churchill who said to be "Save what you can"—and more would have minded, if it had been for *Dr. Fanny Burney* and his famous concluding speech in *Crabtree*. His irreverence is welcome; it is when he gets serious in the gallery sometimes grows really. There have been signs lately of a tetchiness more fitting to the role of a dandy than half of him may want to be.

The public are asking for him... the younger generation are knocking at the door of the dustbin... If it is more than the stage, should the stage be the mirror up to such distorted nature? If so, where shall we be—without a ceiling or reverence?

No—that is not Noël Coward. That was Gerald du Maurier, writing over after the opening of *The Picture*. In 1961 Mr. Coward himself wrote a series of unfortunate articles on the similar lines attacking the new generation of actors and writers—some as though he had been convinced and was reproaching his former colleagues.

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# Literary renaissance of the Arab world

MAHMOUD MANZALAOUI (Editor): *Arabic Writing Today: The Short Story*. 407pp. Cambridge, Mass.: American Research Centre in Egypt, 1968. \$10.00.

Through it was as early as 1798 that Napoleon's occupation of Egypt began the process of modernization in the Arab world, the Egyptian cultural revival was slow to gather pace. The prose play, the novel and the short story, in the form in which they are familiar to us, were still hardly known before the First World War. In the short period since then, however, Arab writers have made remarkable strides: by 1933 they were producing imaginative works worthy of the West's attention and emulation.

It is sad, therefore, that most people in this country would be hard pressed to name a single Arab author or work of literature. The important and influential early age of Arabic letters which lasted very approximately, from the middle of the eighth century to the middle of the eleventh, has had no cultural impact on modern Britain, though without it our culture would have developed along very different lines. The fate of the contemporary Arab cultural revival seems likely to be even worse. Writing in 1948 in *The Middle East Journal*, I. Heyworth-Hill said that "the classical tradition of Western literature in Arabic... tends to regard contemporary writers as an inferior literature." This remains true of Britain, where few professional scholars are working on the modern literature; those who edited the fourth volume of the *Journal of the American Oriental Society* in 1967 found no place in their oriental section for the three Egyptian authors Tawfiq al-Hakim, pre-eminent in the drama, Nagib Mahfuz in the novel and Mahmoud Tahir in the short story, who symbolize the achievements of the revival.

It was in 1933 that al-Hakim, the towering figure who dominates the movement, demonstrated, with his novel *And al-Ruh* ("The Return of the Spirit") and his play *Al-Kahf* ("The Cave Dwellers"), that the revival had begun to deserve international attention. A playwright of immense fertility and exacting standards, he followed up his first great drama with a series of fine productions which mostly had as their starting-point an Islamic, Arab or Greek legend. *Mohammad* (1934), which was broadcast on the Third

Programme in 1955 with Margaret Leighton and John Gielgud in the leading roles, was only the first of these. With the legends as his framework, he elaborates upon a number of "universal" themes—Man in conflict with forces (time, fate, society, Woman) which are too powerful for him—and in *Prakti* (1939) discusses in embarrassingly pertinent fashion the evils of political dictatorship.

Since the 1952 Egyptian revolution he has concentrated on social and political topics (which he by no means ignored earlier in his career), examined through conventional comedies of manners, satirical dramas—as in *Rihlan ila Ghad* ("Journey into the Future", 1957), in which the beginnings of lunar exploration give him a new vantage-point from which to observe the failings of earthly society—and the Theatre of the Absurd. His *Ya Tulu ash Shuqra* ("The Tree-Climber", 1962) is of the last type; it was published in English by the Oxford University Press in 1966 and is currently enjoying considerable success in Canada.

Tawfiq al-Hakim, a great dramatist remarkable for his originality and flexibility for the power and economy of his language, has inspired numerous successors by the many-sidedness of his work. Such playwrights as Munim ash-Shaykh, Yusuf Idris, Farid al-Rizwan, Rashid Rishi and Mikha'il Karam are together subjecting present-day Egyptian society and a world threatened by the nuclear bomb to close scrutiny by means of a variety of forms of dramatic writing: realistic, satirical, symbolic and fantastic.

Al-Hakim's pioneering novel, *And al-Ruh*, the story of Egypt's awakening after the 1919 revolution against the British, and his *Tawfiq al-Hakim al-Arabi* ("Diary of a Country Lawyer", 1937) and *Al-Fur al-Arabi* ("A Sparrow from the East", 1938), have, for practical reasons, travelled better than his plays. *Tawfiq al-Hakim al-Arabi*, for example, has been translated into Hebrew, and the English version, entitled *The Mure of Justice* (Harvill Press, 1947), was done by the present Foreign Minister of Israel.

Nagib Mahfuz ranks first among those who have followed al-Hakim, and progressed from autobiography to realism and symbolism. The updated Dickens of the Arab world, he first came to the fore in 1941 with *Khal al-Khalil*, and reached his present stature with his trilogy *Bulu al-Qasr*, *Qasr ash-Shaykh* and *As-Sukkariyya* (1951-7, but written be-

fore the revolution). The titles of these novels are the names of old quarters of Cairo, through the lives of whose lower and middle-class inhabitants Mahfuz examines the effects of political change on Egyptian society. His craftsmanship is meticulous, his vision broad, and his novels abound in colourful characters, humour and drama.

The 1952 revolution has modified his work, like that of most Egyptian creative artists. He has largely abandoned realism and sacrificed his vivid characterization and wit, retreating far more than most of his contemporaries have felt necessary. In

short stories, psychological studies of behaviour in everyday surroundings, since 1925. Written in the simplest of styles and almost devoid of plot, they have shown the way to a younger generation of Arab authors which is now poised to overtake Tahir, as *Arabic Writing Today* shows.

A number of useful anthologies of Arabic short stories, particularly *Anthologie de la littérature arabe contemporaine: le Roman et la Nouvelle* by Raouf Makarius (Editions du Seuil, Paris, 1964) and *Modern Arabic Short Stories* by Denys Johnson-Davies (Oxford University Press,

## Accident

Branch by branch, accident by accident,  
The black elephant displays its perfection  
To the darkening sky. Each twig  
Hums motionless in the still evening.

The gramophone's late music conjures  
Hard bright moon-rays of long ago.  
Round the candle-lit table  
The summer night weaves us all together.

A moth lingers in the open window,  
Wondering whether to come in.  
Epitaphs, your children need sleep.  
A shouting star flies.

Explaining carefully about rainbows and meteors  
I watch you listening,  
Relaxed, beautiful,  
Enthralled at last by the sound of my voice.

## End of the Summer Term at Christ's Hospital

Cars arrive.  
And girls shaking out their long hair.  
The clock intones over the emptying avenue:  
It will all begin again in the autumn.

The sun sleeps gently on the brickwork.  
Green fields close in.

The countryside settles deeper into its own peace.

COLIN CLACK.

## SCANDINAVICA

An International Journal of Scandinavian Studies

November 1969 (Vol. 8, No. 2), 80 pp.

**Articles:** Elias Bredtstoft: *Moralists v. Immoralists: The Great Battle in Scandinavian Literature in the 1880s*. Radko Kezlar: *Holberg's Peasant Comedies and Norway*. Martin Andouso Nexo: *A Symposium (in the Carlinery of the author's birth. With contributions by Wilfrid, Critics and Scholars in Australia, Britain, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, France, East Germany, West Germany, Iceland, Norway, Poland, Sweden, U.S.A. and U.S.S.R.)*

**Reviews:** by Magnus von Platen, James McFarlane, Aabjorn Aarseth, Walter Johnson, Niels Thulestrup, P. V. Glob, Olei Oyslobo, Barry Jacobson, Michael Taylor, Christine Fall and Maurice Gravior.

**Bibliographies:** of (1) Books recently published in Scandinavia, (2) Books recently published in Non-Scandinavian Languages.

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# The organicist backlash

THUR KOESTLER and J. R. MYTHIES (Editors): *Beyond Reductionism*. The Alpbach Symposium, 1968. 438pp. Hutchinson.

The coming period the dominant

philosophy will exert an influence. What will it be? There are two main attitudes which can be either policies for reductionism or dogmatic convictions—the sciences of life: "reductionism" and "organicism". The former assumes that all proper science is ultimately reducible to physics and chemistry; while the latter holds that some organic phenomena are not reducible to those of physics and chemistry, and that each internal structural unit, having its own characteristic properties, cannot be reduced to those of the whole. This leads to the identification of the whole with the sum of its parts, and the identification of the whole with the sum of its parts.

Women writers of the late 19th and early 20th centuries, including humanism, are ultimately reducible to physics and chemistry; while the latter holds that some organic phenomena are not reducible to those of physics and chemistry, and that each internal structural unit, having its own characteristic properties, cannot be reduced to those of the whole. This leads to the identification of the whole with the sum of its parts, and the identification of the whole with the sum of its parts.

Arthur Koestler himself looks beyond atomism and holism to hierarchical order, develops his concept of the "holon", and has an appendix on "Some General Properties of Self-Regulating Hierarchical Order". J. R. Mythies (Edinburgh) discusses consciousness and body/mind theories. P. D. Maclean (Bethesda) interprets Koestler's "paranoid streak in man" in the light of knowledge of brain structure. D. McNeill (Chicago) examines "empirical" and "rationalist" theories of language referring to Berkeley, Bailey, Whorl-

## Biological God-seeker

PROFESSOR DOBZHANSKY: *The Way of Ultimate Concern*. 152pp. New York: Basic Books, 1968. 35s.

Public opinion polls were held by biologists to ascertain who in the opinion stood at the head of the profession today the choice of many would fall upon Professor Dobzhansky. This English translation of a book published in the United States two years ago will be eagerly read by the more serious students of biology, and even though he modestly declines to say that expertise should find much that is serving here.

Arabic Writing Today, the introduction by its editor, though in American English, is aimed at the British market. This is a book of the intellectual stimulus of a Dobzhansky, Tolstoy, Solov'ev and Bergson upon a young Russian. It would have provoked the desire for a reconciliation even if the book had not given urgency to the quest for a new life.

With an apostrophe of Dostoevsky's Karamazov that Professor Dobzhansky sets the theme for his book: "What is marvellous, is that God really exists, the marvellous is that the idea of God, could have entered the mind of a savage and vicious beast; so holy it is, so moving, so great a honour it does to our species." More marvellous, Professor Dobzhansky comments, than any other. Other organisms, he says, are "in the image and likeness of the body", that

is, the ability to react to environmental changes so that the probabilities of survival and reproduction are maximized. Man has also the wisdom of humanity; and even biologists who profess not to believe in God must explain how the belief has arisen.

One of the explanations offered is that God is invented to fill in the gaps in knowledge. In Professor Dobzhansky's view, "biology is very far from having accomplished the Cartesian programme of reducing all biological phenomena to chemistry, physics and mathematics". The problem of mind, in particular, has received no biological explanation. For Professor Dobzhansky is unwilling to accept, with Dr. S. Wright, that mind is universally present not only in all organisms and their cells but in molecules, atoms and elementary particles. The "gods of the gaps" are not acceptable for different reasons. They have been killed by those who might have been expected most to cherish them, the theologians, because they are unsatisfactory as a concept.

We are all today believers in evolution through natural selection, and in this all-embracing theory a place must be found for the development of religion: where no religion had previously existed. Professor Dobzhansky writes:

In every known human society, in every culture of the past that has left a historical record, peoples have arrived at some system of religious views concerning the meaning and the proper conduct of their lives. Although different religious systems are not alike, and at some points are incompatible, they perform indispensable functions. Religion enables human beings to make sense of their existence, to find a place with themselves and with the world, and to understand the meaning of life. Other organisms, he says, are "in the image and likeness of the body", that

and Chomsky, F. A. Hayek (Freiburg) develops the ideas of his *Seamless Order*, and suggests that "primary experience" (so-called) is the result of the imposition of prior classifications. S. S. Kelly (Harvard) outlines recent perspectives in psychopharmacology. C. H. Waddington (Edinburgh) gives an able summary of "The Theory of Evolution Today", pointing out that the Haldane-Fisher mathematical theories, dealt with genotypes, whereas Darwinian selection acts on phenotypes. He expects "extraordinary changes in our ideas about evolution rather soon". V. E. Frankl (Vienna) suggests that "the true nihilism today is reductionism", and considers the existential vacuum and the will to meaning.

No claim is made to offer any new basic clarity and the volume is rich in suggestions. Yet one reader is left with some regrets. Where are Weiss, Bertalanffy, Waddington, and Thorpe in agreement, and where not, as regards the achievements and limitations of the neo-Darwinian theory? Was it broadly agreed that molecular biology, as now conceived, must fall somewhere, and if so where? No answers are given to these questions.

In a concluding discussion Koestler formulates "four pillars of univisdom", of which three will be quoted: (1) that biological evolution is the result of nothing but random mutations preserved by natural selection; (2) that mental evolution is the result of nothing but random tries preceded by reinforcements; (3) that all organisms, including man, are nothing but passive automata controlled by the environment. It appears to have been the collective view of the symposium (or of the majority) that "these pillars are hollow and cracking". This negative agreement is valuable; it was not the aim of the five-day symposium to provide a new positive philosophy.

# A new algebra?

G. SPENCER BROWN: *Laws of Form*. 141pp. Allan and Unwin. £2 5s.

Mathematics is often described as a game: that is, its various systematized parts are regarded as the results of taking certain steps, starting from allowable initial positions, the moves being made in accordance with definite, abstracted rules. This analogy is delicate in that it fails to emphasize some major characteristics of mathematics: for this discipline continually enlarges its range of concepts, it invents and confronts intellectual questions that prompt the search for further, legitimate generalizations, and the rules it employs are logical ones, ensuring that consequences are true if their antecedents are. In addition, mathematics insists on interaction among the members of its expanding society of ideas and techniques; it discourages isolationism, attaching little value to those areas which have no applications to other sections of mathematics or to which the rest can make no substantial contribution. These features also undermine the comparison, which Mr. Spencer Brown repeats, between mathematics and art.

About half of his book contains a maximally succinct and orderly exposition of an original type of logical algebra, which is intended to define the basic formal laws of thought and experience. He takes as fundamental the idea of drawing a distinction, an idea he exploits in terms of the graphic circumscription of regions. He has here given us a genuine piece of inventive research. The other half of the book consists of introductory and supplementary, informal material. However, he nowhere adequately indicates what serious gaps or difficulties his system encounters, nor precisely how his theory bears upon and is borne upon by comprehensive established theories. He appends a demonstration that the elementary Boolean fragment of logic is obtainable from his system; that is a pleasant but modest outcome. Of course, other than as a work of thoughtful art to be admired by the philosopher of mathematics, the system could show its mathematical value in respect of other fields of science; although Mr. Spencer Brown mentions that his techniques were first developed in response to certain unsorted problems of engineering, the nature of these problems and the technological significance and scope of his techniques, are left unexplained.

The author's dense and gnomic style, with an excessive fondness for etymological or punning allusion between pages 92 and 127 there are no less than half-a-dozen etymological footnotes, which contain some pretty dubious inferences, makes much of his comment hard to follow. Consider, for example, the second sentence of this passage:

The work of any human author must be in some extent idiosyncratic, even though he may know his personal ego to be but a fashionable garb to suit the mode of the present rather than the mean of past and future in which his work will come to rest. To this extent, made or fashion is inevitable at the expense of mean or meaning, or there can be no connexion of what is peripheral, and has to be regarded, with what is central, and has to be divested. And sometimes what he says when he is reasonably clear is entirely erroneous, as when he remarks that "there seems to be no mathematical idea of any importance or profundity that is not mirrored, with an almost uncanny accuracy, in the common use of words, and this appears especially true when we consider words in their original, and sometimes long forgotten, senses." He should look again at a text on modern algebra or functional analysis.

Nevertheless, *Laws of Form* will finally stand or fall by the extent of the effective merits of Mr. Spencer Brown's theory; if it turns out that there isn't much that one can do with or to his logical algebra, then whatever the "great depth and beauty" he may claim belongs to its components, it will lie in limbo, and the most generous judgment of the mathematical critic will be: *quanti e pacis*.

For all its drab format the "Petite Bibliothèque Payot" is one of the best French series of cheap reprints. Three recent volumes of interest are Stendhal's *Le comte de Morand*, Jacques Ruelle's *Des sciences physiques aux sciences humaines*, first published in 1922 and here given a new preface, and P. H. Simon's *L'Esprit et l'histoire*, a study of historical awareness in twentieth-century (mostly French) literature.

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## Capitals in Rome

EDWARD M. CATICH: *The Origin of the Serif*. 324pp. Davenport, Iowa: The Callish Press. \$24.

There are works of the past that are so familiar that they are taken for granted and, after many references and reproductions, nothing new appears to be worth saying about them. The lettering on the Trajan column falls into this category. The Rev. E. M. Catich has already produced an analysis of every letter in a work entitled *Letters Redivivus from the Trajan Inscription in Rome* (Callish Press, 1961), demonstrating in the process the defects of the well-known cast in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

He has now followed it (in what is designed as the second volume of a trilogy) with an extensive inquiry into how these and other noble classical forms were achieved, and the nature of the tools used; the origin of the serif is only the starting-point, and this new book contains what amounts to most detailed instructions on how to make Roman capitals in the Roman manner. A modern practitioner of this "ancient" craft may indeed feel overwhelmed by the detail, and be surprised to be told that the capital letter R, for instance, has no less than thirteen named parts: stem, lobe, tail, arm, mid-arm, head-serif, left foot-serif, right foot-serif, dent, fillet, juncture, counter and inter-space.

In his youth, before joining the Church of Rome, Fr. Catich worked as a sign writer in Chicago. His complete mastery of the sign writer's tool, a flexible square cut brush, is beautifully demonstrated throughout this book. His thesis is that the brush alone was responsible for the shape of the letters in Roman inscriptions. The chisel was only used to make permanent what had been first painted on stone. The light and shade effect of the V cent letter was entirely secondary. They had to be painted after as well as before being

cut. He suggests that modern letterers, following Eric Gill, have been cutting too deep for the sake of the shadow. But here the criterion must be that what looks right is right.

Palaeographers have known that Roman inscriptions were marked out with colour as a guide to chiselling. Fr. Catich's contribution is to have discovered the full implications of this technique. Starting as a sign writer he has become a letter-cutter and a palaeographer; a perhaps unique combination. It has enabled him to feel that he understands the ancient craftsmen and to be convinced that the nature of the classical Roman capital letter has been misunderstood for centuries. Enthusiasts at the time of the Renaissance tried to recapture it with geometry. Their diagrams were beautiful but it was a case of putting the cart before the horse. Writers in this century have made more egregious mistakes. Fr. Catich has no difficulty in showing them up by quotations and a devastating reproduction of comparisons with the original Trajan letters. The faulty cast in the Victoria and Albert Museum is not basic to blame for their failure.

Fr. Catich's pursuit of first principles is akin to Edward Johnston's, whose *Writing and Illuminating and Lettering* (Dent, 1906) has had such a seminal influence since its first publication in 1906. Johnston of course was almost entirely concerned with rejuvenating calligraphy, and he got the young Eric Gill to contribute an appendix on "inscriptions in stone". This appendix is criticized by Fr. Catich. It is interesting therefore to see what Johnston himself wrote about chiselling in the main body of his book.

The fine early inscriptions are supposed to have been first drawn or painted in outline and then cut into the stone. The chisel form was doubtless affected in this way by brush work indirectly by

pen form, but these were of the simplest: nothing was sketched in that was intended for the chisel to make into a natural and true chisel form. "The action of the brush or 'pen' is to a certain extent essential to the pen, but their effects are really distinct. In contrasting pen-made and brush-made letters, we may observe that a pen form tends to abrupt changes from thin to thick; a brush form is rounded. . . . The pen particularly affects curved strokes . . . generally making them more quick and abrupt than brush curves. The brush will give more graceful and finished but less uniform letters."

Johnston demonstrates his understanding of the brush-made letter with a fine capital O reproduced opposite the above quotation. If he were alive today he would probably have agreed with much of Fr. Catich's thesis and have modified his reference to "chisel form".

However the chisel does play an important secondary part. Fr. Catich carries his argument too far. A specimen of his own cutting figure 162, *Scriptura Monumentalis*, falls short of his beautiful brush foundation. The effect is too soft and the serifs are not clean and straight across the base, as is shown by a superb Augustan inscription which he illustrates on the opposite page. Even the Trajan letters show a slight falling away from the strict classical canon which Roman artists presumably insisted upon in the first century.

What then should the young letter-cutter do? Monumental inscriptions call for capitals, and it is stupid to ignore what was done in the first and second centuries. We may be heading for a new barbarism, but meanwhile *The Origin of the Serif* should be digested, together with Gill's appendix to *Writing and Illuminating and Lettering*. Gill's work should be sought out and looked at hard—as should that of other living masters, and in America the fine work of the late John Howard Benson and his school.

However, this must not divert us from the importance of Dr. Martin's work. His first problem was to find out just what books were printed and published in Paris in the seventeenth century. He had no STC or Wing to help him, and he soon discovered that bibliographies and booksellers' catalogues, both early and late, were too selectively incomplete to serve as an index. This left him with library catalogues, primarily with that of the Bibliothèque Nationale; and he was able to conclude that, although it would not be feasible to cover every scrap of printing that emanated from Paris during his period (which probably included some 60,000 items), the published catalogue of the B.N. from "A" to "Z" offered a sample of about 17,500 substantial publications which fairly represented the output of the Parisian press during the seventeenth century. Sections of the sample were checked by

HENRI-JEAN MARTIN: *Les livres imprimés en France au XVII<sup>e</sup> siècle*. 1,092pp. Geneva: Droz. 120 Sw. fr. the set.

Dr. Henri-Jean Martin, already known for his major part in the admirable summary history of the first 150 years of European book production, *L'Apprentissage du livre* (1958) has now set himself the task of discovering, through a study of the books printed in seventeenth-century Paris, the interests and preoccupations of their authors and readers; of determining the social spheres both groups belonged to; and of reconstructing the psychological and intellectual outlook of the people who came into contact with the written culture of the period. In this end he has examined and analysed a sample of seventeenth-century Parisian books which contains a fair proportion of all the editions of the period, and he has used a mass of original documents to investigate the structure of the book trade and the attitude of the authorities.

Dr. Martin is an excellent bibliographer, and there can be no doubt about the great and lasting value of the statistical analysis of his sample, or of his detailed investigations into the Parisian book trade and its relationship with those who would control it: these are contributions to knowledge that will be quoted for decades to come. Whether he succeeds in his larger purpose of writing the cultural history of seventeenth-century Paris in terms of its printed literature may be questioned. This is, in a sense, a French book and *Readers*, yet for all its great scholarship it lacks the coherence and succinct clarity of H. S. Bennett's classic. But perhaps the task was an impossible one: imagine trying to reconstruct the psychological and intellectual outlook of all those who came into contact with the output of the London press from 1598 to 1701!

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## Information, please

"Ephemera": any record of this word being used prior to 1920.  
169 East 64 Street, New York, N.Y. 10021.  
Charles James Fret, 1854-1921, local historian, author of *Falmouth and its history* (Leiden: Brill, 1900): any information.  
598 Fulham Road, London, S.W.6.  
Carmel Gellatly-Schubert, acquisition officer of books from 1904: any information on whereabouts of the full score of Bartók's Second Suite, Op. 8, sent to Philip Heseltine in 1921.  
David Clegg, 20 Maple Street, Watlington, Oxfordshire.

comparing them with the holdings of the British Museum and with contemporary ones they were found to be comprehensive; they cover each case some 75 per cent possible real total of editions of unacceptable books.

Dr. Martin then sets a sample, and his results in thirty-five pages are easily followed. The progress of publishing in languages the books were written in, who wrote them, what they were about. The chapters on the beginning and end of the period are detailed and categorical. The more important parts of the period in the political, religious, political and social developments. The importance of great value as a source of information. There is a useful geographical approach to the lack of authorship, with that of a specialist thought, such as Paul Hazard, *La civilisation européenne* de which Dr. Martin acknowledges.

The central section examines the Parisian book trade, a period of steady production peak of 1643-51, a time of intellectual crisis, when the trade was for restraint but was economic disaster; and from the 1670s, when it established a large and apparatus of bureaucratic control the Parisian book trade declined steadily for the century. Dr. Martin in turn the techniques of book production, the development of and of authorship and of the authorities. The book is full of new and new insights. There are descriptions, fully of the social structure of the trade, of the causes and of the consequences of the Low Countries of the detailed context of the libraries, and of the book production, the chief physical of the book, which is a pity that in revising the book does not include a list of book prices.

This is a readable book of its size, a splendid sample of Martin's earlier work, *Le livre*, and an indispensable volume to the survey of the book trade in France. H. S. Bennett's *Readers*, H. S. Bennett's *Readers*.

David Gooch, 1816-1890, a strong supporter of the conservation of wild life, has been a painter of the animals, and this album gives the selection of his paintings of lions, rhinos and other remarkable African animals exhibited with success in New York and Johannesburg. The paintings are well reproduced in a specialized field of photography, and Mr. Gooch is no exception; but he has a sense of drama and, as Mr. Nigel Stowell's introduction: "holistic", "thorns and bush of light".

## Books received

James A. F. *Sport Fishing*. 127pp. Ward Lock. The book is chiefly addressed to the beginner in salmon and trout fishing, whom he seeks to instruct in the most and least expensive way. And on the man who spins with a trout, writing that this is not necessary to take an eight-pound trout, or a four-pounder. For trout fishing he has been a boon to impetuous people. He gives sound advice, but starts his novice with a useful chapter on the fishing of a "rodman" and a "rodman" as a "rodman" and a "rodman" as a "rodman".

LOUISE AOE and H. BATTER: *The Dictionary of Antiques and the Decorative Arts*. 662pp. C. Black. £6. The book, originally published in 1909, appears under an English title for the first time. A supplement of 100 pages long, has been added and covers such late and early twentieth-century movements, the Arts and Crafts movement, American Victorian, etc. This is seriously interesting, and a few items such as *Cire perdue*, omitted from the original, have been added. The book would have been better if it had been better.

DAVID: *An Artist in the 17th Century*. 10pp. and unnumbered. Collins, in association with the Victoria and Albert Museum. £3.15s. A strong supporter of the conservation of wild life, has been a painter of the animals, and this album gives the selection of his paintings of lions, rhinos and other remarkable African animals exhibited with success in New York and Johannesburg. The paintings are well reproduced in a specialized field of photography, and Mr. Gooch is no exception; but he has a sense of drama and, as Mr. Nigel Stowell's introduction: "holistic", "thorns and bush of light".

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collection of Mondrian's to be seen anywhere, one would expect him to have much of interest to say; but apart from expressing a distaste for much of Mondrian's early work, he says much less than most of his predecessors in the field. Pictures are very briefly and monotonously described, but never interpreted; and the author makes no attempt to elucidate his statement at the beginning of his text that the basis of Mondrian's painting was "his belief in the relation between mind and matter". The reader who feels himself entitled to more assistance will be told by the author "to take a quiet look at Mondrian's pictures again and again" because he has discovered from personal experience that "people who can do this usually manage to find their way into Mondrian's world". The volume contains 130 illustrations, of which twenty-eight are in colour.

ANDERSON, PAUL. *The Infinite Voyage*. 160pp. Collier-Macmillan. 21s. Paul Anderson is perhaps better known as a writer of science fiction, but in this newly published book he discusses in more serious vein the future of man's exploration of space. Although he gives an explanation of the principles of rocketry and of manned space-flight, most of the book is devoted to highly speculative ideas about life on the moon and planets, and what man may expect to find there and in the more distant universe. A book of this kind must be up to date, and it is a little disconcerting to read that "if all continues to go this well, then perhaps as early as 1969 three men will be on their way to the moon". Clearly the book was written some time ago, since there is no mention of the last seven Apollo missions or of recent probes to Mars and Venus. This slim volume has nothing new to offer; indeed, it has all been said before, in more detail and with more appropriate illustrations.

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and is illustrated by maps, diagrams and colour plates of outstanding quality.

## Literature and Criticism

NURSE, PERIA H. (Editor). *The Art of Criticism: Essays in French Literary Analysis*. 317pp. Edinburgh University Press. £2. The art exemplified is not that of criticism in general but of the *explication de texte*—that worthy but often mechanical exercise in the dissection of what the author actually wrote. Mr. Nurse has collected twenty-two *explications* from British and American university teachers of French literature, and the writers explicated go from Ronsard to Camus. The most valuable contributions are the more formal ones, where there is constant reference to the chosen text. This being so, the publishers should perhaps have looked for a format that would avoid the reader having constantly to turn back to the text to pick up each reference; a pull-out sheet perhaps? In his too ambitious introduction Mr. Nurse justifies the *explication de texte* as an escape from the criticism which relies on a priori generalizations; yet when, as here, the exercise is carried out by learned academics, the a priori convictions are only too apparent.

PHILIPS, GILBERT (Editor). *Question and Response*. 170pp. Cambridge University Press. 17s. *Question and Response* is a useful school's anthology of fifty-seven English and American poems, arranged in "ascending order of difficulty" and each accompanied by a fairly detailed list of questions. The choice of poems is sound but not predictable, ranging from Anonymous to Robert Lowell, and the questions are neither mechanical nor patronizing. Indeed, they are sometimes acute enough to challenge "expert" responses. Mr. Philips has done his own homework and—though his introduction could hardly be more tentative and modest—his little book should help many others to do theirs.

## Mythology

DAVIDSON, H. R. ELLIS. *Scandinavian Mythology*. 141pp. Paul Hamlyn. 25s. Mrs. Davidson's new book is a compact and helpful account of the mythology of pagan Scandinavia in pre-Viking and Viking times, so far as this can be pieced together from the literary and archaeological sources. It begins with the megalithic tombs and ends with the conversions of the Norse homelands and colonies to Christianity. In between it discusses the gods and their characteristics, other deities and supernatural creatures, animate and inanimate cult objects, and the northern mythological cosmology. The volume is generously illustrated with twenty-four pages of colour plates and about a hundred well-chosen black-and-white photographs, and is an excellent introduction to a subject that is still less than fully clarified.

## Natural History

BACKHOUSE, K. M. *Seals*. 96pp. GUOISBERG, C. A. W. *Giraffes*. 96pp. Arthur Barker. 21s. each. Dr. Backhouse has been studying seals in general and the grey seal in particular for the past fifteen years and four of the seven chapters in this book are devoted to these attractive natives of our coast—in fact the main world population of grey seals is concentrated on Britain. The author does not try to gloss over the problems that the seal presents to the fishing industry, nor is he sentimental about them, although it is difficult not to be after studying the attractive photographs that illustrate the book. *Giraffes* arises quite a different kind of emotion to us, and in this comprehensive study by C. A. W. Guoisberg one is so caught up in the author's fascination. It is not difficult to believe that at one point in history giraffes were held in some ways along with dragons and unicorns, so puzzling were they to the beholder, but thanks to the co-operation of the giraffe is today to be seen in the development and colonization of the new world, as described

are very much alive and living quite happily in Africa's national parks. Mr. Guoisberg's book is full of anecdotes, and big-game stories as well as facts and figures, and it is also delightfully produced.

## Parapsychology

HOLZER, HANS. *ESP and You*. 216pp. Leslie Frewin. 30s. It would be hard to find a better model of authoritative inaccuracy than this book. Mr. Holzer makes no distinction between consciousness and energy and declares that human personality "is an electro-magnetic field". He implies that the electro-encephalograph records "thought waves"—whereas it in fact traces brain rhythms that can be correlated with general states of mind; and he states that experiments with a Faraday cage showed "psychic talents" to be "electric in character". Such experiments have repeatedly proved the exact opposite. Dr. L. L. Vasiliev (who is certainly not, as Mr. Holzer says, "head of the Leningrad Parapsychology Laboratory" unless he commits from the Elysian Fields) accepted this, and was working at the time of his death on the hypothesis that telepathic messages were transmitted by some form of energy as yet unknown.

And so on. Mr. Holzer's book ends with a plea that schools and universities should "teach young people *The Art of Proper Thinking*". Here, at all events, the reader can agree wholeheartedly, adding "and a regard for objective fact".

## Photography

BIRLEY, DAVID and EVANS, PETER. *Goodbye Baby and Amen*. 240pp. Conde Nast Publications in association with Collins. £4.15s. The purpose of this large volume is as hard to fathom as the values on which it is based. Enclosed in a repulsive jacket depicting a nude angel on a pedestal mysteriously inscribed "A Saraband of the Sixties", it is presumably meant to be a neophilic memorial to London's Swinging Sixties. Some of the subjects are highly talented; others are merely notorious. Some of the portraits have brief biographies attached to them; others, for unexplained reasons, have not. Two or three of the photographs are beautiful; most are grotesque.

At least this should be a collector's item a hundred years from now, if only as a contribution to the social history of a decade of economic, and hence cultural, confusion. In the words of the introduction, "the roles of the game were a glorious amalgam of fatalism and farce and anarchical ambition", when the new celebrities, "narcissistic, ruthless, often talented, and malignantly ambitious, were the butterflies born to be broken on the racing wheel of fashion". Then why include in the cast of characters so many artists who will be as good, if not better, at their jobs in the 1970s as in the 1960s: Vanessa Redgrave, Jeanne

Moreau, Donald Pleasence, Ravi Shankar, Rudolf Nureyev, Cecil Beaton, Bill Brattill, Federico Fellini, to name a few whose genuine and pleasure-giving gifts do not depend on meretricious fashion or the support of greedy publicity men? Why include others who are apparently too ephemeral even to be granted the dignity of a name? Or has the point been missed? Who can tell?

## Religion

Jñāneshvar. Volume 2. Translated by V. G. Pradhan. Edited by H. M. Lambert. 352pp. Allen and Unwin. £3. This is the second volume of the *Jñāneshvar*, the first of which was published in 1967. It is a poetical commentary on the Bhagavad Gītā written in Marathi in the thirteenth century by the Marathi "saint" Jñāneshvar. This second and last volume contains the commentary on chapters twelve to eighteen of the Gītā. Jñāneshvar interprets the text in accordance with the tenets of the non-dualist Vedānta. As in the first volume the translation "has been in a simple English prose style". The rendering is unfortunately extremely flat and wearisome; and few will be able to read the work as a connected whole. Translations of Eastern classics tend to be indifferent since few of the translators seem to have any idea of the nature of the problems involved in the art of translation. India has been particularly ill served in this respect.

KHAIR, G. S. *Quest for the Original Gita*. 248pp. Bombay: Somaya Publications. Rs.32.

Mr. Khair, an educationist by profession, has been interested in the Bhagavad Gītā since 1920. As a result of collating the contents under various headings (linguistic, philosophical, stylistic, etc.) he has reached the conclusion that the Gītā is the work of three authors of whom the first is responsible for the first six chapters, the third for the second six, and the second for the last six. In his present form, however, the third author has also interpolated his own ideas into the otherwise homogeneous work of the other two. These interpolations are, however, rather more extensive than the matter into which they are interpolated, and this is rather awkward for Mr. Khair's thesis. Roughly speaking he assigns all the passages advocating an active life (*karma-yoga*) to the first author, all specifically Sāṃkhya texts to the second, and the rest to the third, who is a passionate devotee of Krishna and also responsible for the final redaction of the Gītā as we now have it.

This analytic approach was popular among German scholars at the turn of the century, Rudolf Otto being its most extreme exponent. It is interesting that what Otto considered to be the "original Gītā" is assigned by Mr. Khair almost entirely to his third author. A lot can be said for or against either side. Neither view carries any sort of conviction.

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